THE MONTHLY MIRROR:

REFLECTING

MEN AND MANNERS.

WITH

STRICTURES ON THEIR EPITOME,

The Stage.

To hold as 'twere the MIRROR up to Nature.

VOL. XVI.

Embellished with superb Engravings.

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1803.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

JULY, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. BRAHAM, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM A FINE PAINTING BY ALLINGHAM.

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PREFACE

TO THE SIXTEENTH VOLUME.

THIS time last year we congratulated our readers on the PEACE, *a word dear to every humane mind, and doubly so to the lovers of Literature and the Arts. We have now been [illegible]e than [illegible] engaged in another war. So short has been the interval between the treaty of* Amiens *and the renewal of hostilities. An ambitious and merciless enemy threatens us with destruction, and the spirit of the country is roused to defend our shores. If our humble aid were necessary, anxious as we have been to confine our pages to literary and moral subjects, we should cheerfully devote them to the cause which now animates the breast of every* Briton *; but, to adopt the language of* Rolla, *"never was there a time when words were so little needed," and we doubt not that the issue of the present struggle will be as glorious for* England *as it will be disgraceful to the arms, and ruinous to the interests of our implacable enemy.*

To give additional neatness and elegance to the Publication, *we commence the present* Volume *with a beautiful new* Type, *cast for the purpose, and provided at a considerable expence.*

†‡† *Several of the earlier* Numbers *having been lately reprinted, complete sets of the* Monthly Mirror *may now be had at the Publisher's.*

THE
MONTHLY MIRROR,
FOR
JULY, 1803.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
MR. BRAHAM.
With a Portrait.

Among the various offices of literary occupation, there is no task more pleasing than to commemorate the gradual advance of unpresuming merit, and its final triumph over those obstacles which it never fails to meet with in the paths of the world. In the course of the present sketch, the reader must not be disappointed, if he find no history of factious intrigues, no menial cabals, no adulatory research of patronage, and no venal prostitution of talent. A plain, honest diligence, a careful refinement of natural endowments, a firm respect for his own fame, and a complacent attention to the wishes of the public; these, engrafted on an ardent desire TO EXCEL, have raised to an early, and (we believe, in every candid opinion) a just eminence, the person of whom we here offer a few brief anecdotes.

John Braham became an orphan in his earliest years, but the affectionate care of a near relation prevented him from feeling the importance of his misfortune. LEONI, whose musical powers the public yet remember with delight, and who united with uncommon talents a truly philanthropic temper, beheld, in the friendless infant, a proper object for his protection. Happily devoid of that jealousy, which looks with a jaundiced eye on every prospect of a rival, however distant, a failing of which the history of professional men,—alas! of every kind, affords too many examples, he witnessed, with unfeigned pleasure, the first disclosure of those singular musical faculties, which have since, with so successful cultivation, attained their full maturity and strength.

Mr. Braham, at the age of twelve years, began the study of music, and with such closeness of application did the natural bent of genius prompt him to pursue his acquisitions, that he soon outstripped his patron's powers of instruction, and even surpassed him so far, as to become in turn the instructor. Leoni's songs acquired new graces from the suggestions of his extraordinary pupil. In truth, although endowed with an extreme correctness

of ear, and an unrivalled tone of voice,* Leoni was by no means a profound musician: he possessed however the strength of judgment requisite to appreciate his own abilities, and liberally provided a more scientific and more suitable master, to second the promising efforts of juvenile industry.

The young songster, when about fifteen, made his first appearance at the Royalty Theatre, then under the management of the late Mr. John Palmer; at which time there was a peculiar sweetness in the tones of his voice, to which he had added such [illegible]ness of execution, that he was able to accomplish most [illegible]vura songs at that time sung by Madame Mara. Many of our readers will recollect his performance of "The Soldier tir'd of War's alarms." But, two years afterwards, by the change in the vocal organs, which frequently accompanies the commencement of adult age, he was for some time deprived of every means of making a further progress in the public favour.

Unfortunately, at the same period, his protector found it requisite, on account of domestic concerns, to leave England for Jamaica, and Mr. Braham perceived himself, a second time, an orphan. In this emergency, his fortunes found a shelter in the friendship of the Goldsmids, a family of very great respectability in the city. Under their auspices, he became a teacher on the piano forte, which employment produced him an income of about three hundred pounds per annum. His inclinations, however, still led him to the practise of vocal, in preference to instrumental music. He employed the utmost solicitude in endeavouring to regain the powers of his voice, and, in the numerous musical societies which he frequented, he exerted every nerve to recal his lost excellence.

At one of these meetings, he accidentally became acquainted with Mr Ashe, the celebrated performer on the flute, who, struck with his vocal abilities, and prophecying his future eminence, easily persuaded him to accept the proffer of an engagement at Bath.— Accordingly, at the beginning of the winter season of 1794, he made his appearance, and his first essay, as a *tenor singer*, at the Bath concerts, which were conducted by that friend, and master of the musical art, Rauzzini.

Of this man, though barely to make mention be sufficient for fame, the grateful sentiments of every child of music, will, we be-

* Leoni's tone of voice was that which by the *cognoscenti* is termed a falsetto. Nature had imparted to it that quality of sound, which in some other countries the brutal ingenuity of enfeebled luxury has not scrupled to procure by the most cruel and ignominious methods: a practice which debased the art that effected it. This unnatural custom is said to have been put a stop to in Italy, during the late predominance of the French. May it be finally abolished, and, for the honour of human nature, forgotten!

lieve, start forward to accompany us, while we offer a passing tribute to his character. Rauzzini, long since possessed of the favour of the public as a singer, and conspicuous as a composer, preferring the retirement of Bath, and giving celebrity to the little adjacent hill of Hungity Lands,* appears, in the fair horizon of that city, as the inspiring genius of melody, and in her musical orgies, he is the ministering priest. Accomplished in all the learning, and all the graces of his art, he imparts the light of his mind to every professional student, whom a requisite degree of talents entitles to [illegible] his assistance. His house is by degrees become a kind of [illegible]m, and a singer untutored by Rauzzini, appears but [illegible] accomplished. In fact, the most eminent among the favourites of the public of the present moment, are found in the list of his scholars.

To the improvement acquired at his lyceum, the singular liberality of the master's disposition, has, moreover, appended advantages, seldom attendant on other schools. Without any greater resources of fortune, than those which the eminence of his talents lays open to him; he receives and entertains, in his hospitable mansion, these very students who come to him for the purpose of profiting by his instructions. Every professional person finds a home at Rauzzini's. After what has been related, it is almost unnecessary to say that he is beloved as he is respected, and is no less the delight than the ornament of the class to which he belongs.

Mr. Braham no sooner appeared at the concerts at Bath, than he became the pupil of Rauzzini, and it is to his friendly, zealous, and judicious lessons, that the leading features of Mr. Braham's excellence owe their form and name. The *character* which that master gave to the exertions of his powers, has accompanied him through all his subsequent labours. Amidst the refinements of Italy, the scientific caparison of Germany, or the more rude and simple pathos of our own national strains, the same tasteful disposition has been invariably predominant†.

In this useful school he was more than ever diligent in the pursuit of his art, and his fame, re-echoed to the metropolis, induced the ever admired and ever regretted Stephen Storace to take a journey to Bath on purpose to hear him. That sagacious observer, quickly convinced of his merits, by consent of the managers of

* Where Mr. R. has a small villa, and where he resides during the summer months.

† As a still more striking instance of a truly liberal mind, it deserves to be mentioned that, after gratuitously receiving into his house and instructing Mr. Braham for nearly three years, when Mr. B. afterwards sung at his annual concert, Rauzzini insisted on his receiving a very ample payment for that exertion of his talents. "Blush, grandeur, blush!"

Drury-Lane, made an engagement with him to sing for a limited number of evenings at that theatre, and the young favourite came to London to make his first appearance, accordingly, in the spring of 1796; an epoch memorable to the public, by the acquisition of so extraordinary a singer, and by the loss of no less extraordinary a composer.

While the scenery of a new opera was preparing, Stephen Storace, he whose anxious and ambitious diligence had provided for the public new stores of musical gratification, he who, (till the present moment) had so long sought in vain, a fresh scope for the energy of industry and ever-teeming genius;—he, alas! [illegible] of yet unfolded talents, to his early grave. His death paralysed [illegible] work which was then proceeding at the theatre, but did not prevent its production in an incomplete state. Mr. Sheridan made professions of an intention to render the new opera advantageous to the composer's widow, and, with the friendly assistance of Kelly, and some additional music selected by Signora Storace, the composer's sister, Mr. Braham finally made his entrée in MAHMOUD. This was a composition designed to combine the pathos of tragedy, with the splendors of pageantry, the mirth of farce, and the syren charms of melody. Mr. Braham's appearance was made by the opening of a pavilion, at the entrance of which he presented himself, (as a Persian Prince habited for the chase, and just alighted from it) standing in the front of a beautiful white Arabian courser, which was then the property of the theatre. The coup d' œil was impressive, the young performer advanced amidst the plaudits of the spectators, and the display of his musical powers gratified their most sanguine expectations. The tone of his voice was naturally of the most pleasing quality, and its various modulations were not more suited to delight the ear than to interest the feelings. Its expression was every where pathetic, and the more to enforce its powers in this respect, he exhibited an articulation of words which, while wholly free from harshness, was perfectly clear, distinct, and intelligible in the most distant parts of the theatre. In this last point, to use the words of one of the sagest and soundest critics of the day, "he appeared a phenomenon in the musical world." His voice thus eloquently impressive, and breathing the sweetest melodies endeared by the recent memory of departed genius, produced an effect on the public which may be more easily called to the recollection of those who were present, than described to others.

[To be concluded in our next.]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MR. PRATT.

[Continued from p. 366, vol. xv.]

If, in his poem of "*The Poor*," Mr. Pratt's views of the subject are sometimes taken with the eye of a poet, rather than of a politician, this does not at all detract from its merit; the principles it inculcates are as immutable as truth, and by far the greater part of the colouring and sentiment will remain, in all their force, when the unhappy situation of the poor, which gave rise to the poem, will, we trust, be forgotten, or only pleasingly remembered, in contrast with those enjoyments which we sincerely wish may be their lot in times to come. We cannot better characterise this work, than in the words of one of its reviewers. "Had not," says this liberal critic, "the author's other works, and particularly his poem on 'Sympathy,' entitled him to a high rank in the walk of elegant literature, this charming effort of labour, genius, and inspiration, would give him the fairest claim to that distinction. The sudden revolution which the hydra monopoly and a few scanty seasons have produced in the poor of this country, have wrung from Mr. Pratt's muse the most tender and feeling sentiments, to enrich his faithful and animated descriptions of their former rustic felicity, compared with their late abject wretchedness."

To sum up the poetic character of Mr. Pratt:—He is always animated, always good humoured, except when his indignation is raised against cruelty and oppression, and then he lashes the culprits with a happy mixture of irony and satire, peculiarly his own. In the fervour of composition, he sometimes gives up the reins to imagination, and bounds along without that control which frigid writers impose on themselves, and therefore escape errors, if they reach not excellencies; but private satire never disgraced his pen; the individual is always safe, though the general class to which he belongs, as in his admirable poem of "The Poor," may feel the weight of his indignant Muse.

In a word,—in poetry, as well as prose, he is always interesting and impressive, and the sentiment fixes on the heart of the reader before the judgment can balance the terms in which it is conveyed. Few have written so much on subjects so various, and in general so well selected. Several of his most important poetical compositions are fixed in the language, and his "Sympathy,"—"Humanity,"—"Benevolence," and "The Poor," will probably be coeval with it.

It is now time to consider Mr. Pratt as A NOVELIST, and in this capacity he has almost formed a school of his own, uniting character and sentiment and system in such just proportions, that his productions have much of the strength of the old school, with all the desirable ornaments of the new. It is true he has never employed the agency of ghosts, goblins, and enchantment; but he has always possessed the higher praise of rendering his novels deeply interesting and attractive, without such unnatural means. They in general not only furnish the mere reader of that fugitive but fascinating species of composition with more than the usual quantum of adventure, skilfully contrived and vividly delineated; but include something more substantial and systematic than modern novels in general supply—an obvious moral, and a well-connected narrative.

His "LIBERAL OPINIONS on Man, Animals, and Providence," is a novel of an original cast, and its success induced the author to lay aside his adopted name, and assume his real one. The adventures of *Benignus*, in which it is supposed Mr. Pratt shaded some particulars of his own life, and the character of *Draper*, are admirably drawn, and will bear a comparison with the most felicitous productions of Fielding, Smollet, or Richardson.

"The PUPIL OF PLEASURE," a severe but just illustration of the principles of Chesterfield, and of their fatal tendency on the happiness of the individual, as well as society, was the next systematic novel, in the order of time, which the prolific pen of Mr. Pratt produced. It is penned with exquisite humour and pathos. The late ingenious Hugh Kelly observed, that it was "a happy conception and safe delivery."

"The TUTOR OF TRUTH," intended as a contrast to the former work, considered as a moral publication, deserves unqualified praise; and it ought ever to be read in connection with "The Pupil of Pleasure," to which it is ingeniously contrived as the antidote.

Not long after appeared "SHENSTONE GREEN," written for the purpose of shewing the fallacy of the benevolent but chimerical idea which the amiable bard of the Leasows had promulgated, of building a village, filling it with inhabitants, and settling them in such a way as to be productive of felicity to themselves, and of advantage to the community to which they belonged. This fairy dream, this Utopian scheme, is at once most happily ridiculed and exposed; and the reader is equally delighted with the characters introduced, and instructed by the knowledge of nature which their developement displays.

To the far-extended fame of "EMMA CORBET," which came out when the flames of fierce and bloody contention were raging between America and the mother country, it is impossible to add by the language of panegyric. Often has the writer of this memoir attested the skill of the novelist by his tears; and such is the impression which it left on his mind, full five and twenty years ago, that time seems rather to have confirmed than effaced it.

After the lapse of several years, appeared our author's capital novel, "FAMILY SECRETS," in which pleasantry and pathos, humour and gravity, are alternately employed to enforce some great and important truth, to paint Virtue in her brightest attire, and to deter from Vice by the misery attendant on her footsteps. The character of Partington and John Fitzorton are not only excellent, but perfectly new to the public; and the traits of Caroline and Olivia represent two women, which are models for the formation of the female mind and manners, that are almost contrasts to each other, yet equally delightful, and by no means out of the reach of imitation.

These favourite productions, which are among the chief ornaments of the circulating library, and merit a place in every private collection, we hope soon, if report is to be credited, to see printed, as announced in the beginning of this memoir, under the author's direction, in one consecutive series.

Having briefly considered our author as a poet and a novelist, we shall just mention his "Sublime and Beautiful of Scripture," which came out at first in two volumes, and proves how well he was qualified to aid the cause of religion by enlisting genius under its banners; and we cannot deplore the hapless events which interrupted Mr. P.'s progress when pointed to a profession for which nature and habits so eminently qualified him. His "Observations on Young's Night Thoughts" is a work somewhat of the same stamp; and it shews no small share of critical acumen, at a very early period of the author's life.

Indeed, all Mr. Pratt's writings have been equally favourable to religion and social order. His animated "Address to the Tars of Old England," and his "Good old Castle on the Rock," which were published last war, evince him to be as good a subject as he is an elegant writer. Did literature lead to places and pensions; were governments as careful to reward their friends, as they are diligent in buying up their enemies, Mr. Pratt would now be enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*—the recompence not of obsequious adulation,

but of active and unbought services, which are the more valuable, because they have been well timed and consistent.

With so much versatility of talent, and such a peculiar felicity in the delineation of character, it was not likely that our author should suffer the stage to escape his notice. His "FAIR CIRCASSIAN, founded on the story of *Almoran and Hamet*, by Dr. Hawkesworth, had a run of twenty-six nights, with very little intermission; and its success, it might have been imagined, would have tempted Mr. Pratt to court the tragic Muse, or at least her laughing sister, to win whose smiles he appears to be equally qualified; and, if fame is to be believed, he has more than one production long since prepared for representation.

With regard to Mr. Pratt's great miscellaneous work under the felicitous and appropriate title of "Gleanings,"* any praise we could bestow would only be echoing the general voice of the public. Its commencement appeared in 1795, after his pen had lain dormant for several years, during the greatest part of which time he resided on the continent. The first three volumes are devoted to Gleanings in Wales, Holland, and Westphalia, and the three last, of which two have for some time been before the public, are given to England. The concluding volume of the series has for some months been announced. Ireland and Scotland will still open a fertile field to our author's inquisitive mind, and observant eye; and we sincerely wish him health and resolution to undertake the task of depicting them in those characteristic tints which he is so singularly qualified to draw.

Both the plan and execution of the Gleanings are perfectly original; and no work of modern times has met with greater or more deserved success. In the delineation of character, and in seizing those traits of discrimination which would escape common observers, Mr. Pratt is extremely happy. Those who have read the Gleanings, will be at a loss to determine, whether in sportive humour, acute remark, easy wit, pathetic description, or philanthropic sentiment, our author has most legitimate claims to admiration.

* This title has, in various instances, been borrowed by those who did not possess a spark of our author's genius, and applied to works wholly unworthy to be compared with their prototype.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM

THE LATE WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

TO MR. PARK.

Weston-Underwood, April 27, 1792.

DEAR SIR,

I WRITE now merely to prevent any suspicion in your mind that I neglect you. I have been very ill, and for more than a fortnight unable to use the pen, or you should have heard long ere now of the safe arrival of your pacquet. I have revised the Elegy on Seduction,* but have not as yet been able to proceed farther. The best way of returning these which I have now in hand, will be to return them with those which you propose to send hereafter. I will make no more apologies for any liberties that it may seem necessary to me to take with your copies. Why do you send them but that I may exercise that freedom of which the very act of sending them implies your permission? I will only say therefore that you must neither be impatient, nor even allow yourself to think me tardy, since assuredly I will not be more so than I needs must be. My hands are pretty full: Milton must be forwarded, and is at present hardly begun; and I have, beside, a numerous correspondence which engrosses more of my time than I can at present well afford to it.

I cannot decide with myself whether the lines in which the reviewers are so smartly noticed, had better be expunged or not. Those lines are gracefully introduced and well written, for which reasons I should be loth to part with them. On the other hand, how far it may be prudent to irritate a body of critics, who certainly much influence the public opinion, may deserve consideration. It may be added too that they are not all equally worthy of the lash: there are among them men of real learning, judgment, and candour. I must leave it therefore to your own determination.

* This Elegy was inserted in a volume of sonnets and miscellaneous poems already adverted to; but the copy sent to Mr. Cowper for revisal, and which he had revised with judicious care, was not discovered among his papers till after the poem had appeared, though Lady Hesketh and the Reverend Mr. Johnson successively employed their friendly endeavours for that purpose. Mere accident, at length, introduced it to the hands of the latter, and his flattering kindness on the occasion demands this public acknowledgment.

I thank you for Thomson's Epitaph,* on which I have only to remark (and I am sure that I do it not in a captious spirit) that since the poet is himself the speaker, I cannot but question a little the propriety of the quotation subjoined. It is a prayer, and when the man is buried, the time of prayer is over. I know it may be answered, that it is placed there merely for the benefit of the reader; but all readers of tombstones are not wise enough to be trusted for such an interpretation.

I was well pleased with your poem on * *, and equally well pleased with your intention not to publish it. It proves two points of consequence to an author. Both that you have an exuberant fancy, and discretion enough to know how to deal with it. The man is as formidable for his ludicrous talent as he has made himself contemptible by his use of it. To despise him therefore is natural, but it is wise to do it in secret.

Since the juvenile poems of Milton were edited by Warton, you need not trouble yourself to send them. I have them of his edition already.

I am, dear Sir,
Affectionately yours.
WM. COWPER.

* The epitaph on Thomson, transmitted to Mr. Cowper, was drawn up by Lord Buchan, and (after some slight alterations) engraved on a brass tablet, and placed over the poet's grave in Richmond church. The following is a copy: and it deserves to be remembered, as the fact is not recorded, that the vestry dispensed with the customary fee of ten guineas, in testimony of respect for the departed bard.

"In the earth below this tablet
Are the remains of
JAMES THOMSON;
Author of the beautiful poems entitled
'The *Seasons*,' '*Castle* of *Indolence*,' &c. &c.
Who died at Richmond on the 27th day of August,
And was buried here on the 29th (old stile) 1748.
The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man
And sweet a poet should be without a memorial,
Has denoted the place of his interment
For the satisfaction of his admirers;
In the year of our Lord 1792.

'Father of light and life! thou good supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me thyself.'
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"
Winter.

HINDOO MANUAL AND CREED.

(Continued from Vol. XV. p. 372.)

"If a Dewtah should be bold enough to free himself, by self-violence, from a body in which I shall have inclosed him, you, Seeb, shall plunge him in darkness, there to remain for ever: he shall no longer possess the power of purifying himself and expiating his crime in the fifteen bonbons. I will distinguish by classes and kinds the mortal bodies in which I destine to punish the guilty Dewtahs. I will give them divers forms, qualities, and faculties, and they shall live and multiply each its own kind and species, through a natural instinct which I will implant in them; and by this natural union there shall be a succession of forms in each tribe, and species, so that the transmigration of the guilty spirits shall never cease. Should any of the guilty Dewtahs have connection with any other species than his own tribe, I order you, Seeb, to confine him in the regions of darkness for the space of a certain time, and that he pass through eighty-nine transmigrations, whatever rank he may have attained to at the time of committing this crime. Should any Dewtah resist the natural instinct which I shall implant in him for the forms he ought to love, and dare unite himself in any manner which obstructs the propagation of his cast and species; I enjoin you, Seeb, to confine him for ever in the regions of darkness: he shall no longer have permission to purify himself in the fifteen bonbons. I grant to the guilty Dewtahs, to soften and alleviate their pains and punishment, through the good offices which they may mutually render each other, that they love and help one another; to encourage each other to repent of the crime of disobedience, which they have committed, I will strengthen their good dispositions and be favourable to them: but if, on the contrary, they persecute each other, I will take the part of the injured, and the persecutors shall never enter into the nine bonbons; no, not even in the first which is set a part for their purification. If the Dewtahs avail themselves of the grace I am willing to show them, in their eighty-nine transmigrations of Mhorde, by repentence and good works; you, Vistnou, shall receive them in thy bosom, and conduct them to the second bonbon of punishment and purgation, and you shall act in this manner, until they have passed progressively through eight bonbons of purgation and punishment; when their punishment shall cease, and you shall conduct them to the ninth, that is the first bonbon of purification. But if the rebellious Dewtahs do not avail themselves of my favour, in passing through the eighty-nine bonbons of transmigrations in a

manner proportionate to the capacity I will give them. you, Seeb, must return for a time into the regions of darkness, and after its expiration, Vistnou shall come and replace you. In the lowest abyss of the bonbon of punishment and purgation, shall they undergo a second trial; and they shall continue to suffer there, until, by their repentance and perseverance in good deeds, during eighty-nine transmigrations, they shall attain to the ninth; that is, to the first of the seven bonbons of purification. For it is my decree that the rebellious Dewtahs no more enter into Maha Surgo; nor any more see my countenance, till they have passed through the eight bonbons of punishment, and the seven bonbons of purification." The faithful Dewtahs, hearing what the Eternal had said and ordered, relative to the guilty Dewtahs, sang his praises, and celebrated his power and his justice. When they ceased, the Eternal spoke to them in the following terms—"I will continue my favour to the guilty Dewtahs for a certain period, which I divide into four Iogues. In the first, I will that the period of their probation in the eighty-nine transmigrations of Mhorde be one hundred thousand years. In the second, the term of their probation shall be reduced to ten thousand years. In the third, to one thousand years; and in the fourth, to one hundred years." And the faithful Dewtahs, with shouts of joy, celebrated the mercy and indulgence of God towards them. When they ceased—the Eternal continued, —"If, after the space of time which I have fixed for the duration of the Dounea Houda, and that which my goodness has granted for the rebellious Dewtahs, shall be completed by the revolution of the four Iogues, there should be any who have not passed through the eight bonbons of punishment and probation, and shall not have entered the ninth; that is, the first of purification: do you, Seeb, armed with my power, precipitate them for ever into the regions of darkness. You shall then destroy the eight bonbons of punishment and purgation, and they shall never more exist. But you, Vistnou, shall preserve for a time the seven bonbons of purification, until the Dewtahs, who have availed themselves of my grace and mercy, may be purified from their sins. When they shall be purified, and shall have been established in their former state, and admitted to my presence; you, Seeb, must destroy the seven bonbons of purification, and they shall never more exist."

[To be continued.]

RITSON RECTIFIED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

SIR, July 6.

AMID many sneers oblique, against the veracity of our poetical historian, in Ritson's recently-published "Bibliographia Poetica," I observe a sinister insinuation at p. 299, which I am, very accidentally, enabled to repel.

"W. PHIST, (says the bibliographer) *according to* WARTON, translateëd from the Italian, 'The welspring of wittie conceights:' printed for R. Jones, 1584, 4to. b. l. which, however, *no one else appears ever to have met with.*"

Now it so happens, that this very volume, which has eluded the keen research of Mister Ritson, lies open before me; and in order to purge his mental vision from the mote of incredulity, or the film of prepossession, I will present him with a few sprinklings of moral truth from this ancient well-spring of wisdom.

"Like as some venemous herbe when it is mingled with other thinges, doth make a holesome drincke; so the health of the bodye without the health of the minde, is hurtfull; wheras beeing accompanied therwith, it is very great helpe."

"Forasmuch, as there is nothing more convenient to a good man, nor more worthie to a good cittizen, then to live peaceably: I pray God, that he will lighten your minde with cyvill passions, and that he will plant in you such peace and rest, as every one desireth, and as fewe do know how to procure."

"He that hath cause to feare every man, cannot, neither ought he, assure himselfe of any."

"Bee circumspect and warye in talking; rather applying too much modestie, then too much libertie; for there is no man of such a crooked disposition, which can not be pleased with the humanitie of wordes."

"Bee warie, and as circumspect in writing as ye can, for the commoditie of printing hath caused that men are growen to such a passe, as many will comment uppon, not onely writings and wordes, but also the thoughtes and secretes of a mans minde."

"That order of living which *some* doe use, serveth to nothing else, but to weaken the body, and to make it subject to every danger; and to make feeble the understanding."

"Like as some men, by reason of some maladie that they have, and through dulnesse of their senses, doe not taste the sweetenes of meates; so those men have no tasting of true prayse."

"I am bound to hate the vices of those, that through their little religion, and great pertinacitie, would carry me headlong with them into evil."

"To passe a man's life joyfully with his frends, is a thing full of consolation: and on the contrarie, not to use conversation with them, either for hatred, or for the little regard that they have, cannot be without perturbation of minde."

"Too much nyceness ingendreth dispraise, and maketh a man little esteemed."

"Even, as smoke troubling the eyes, doth let us that we cannot see those things which be afore our feete, so wrath assaulting the understanding, dimmeth and blindeth our reason."

"Some men, envying the praise of others, doo (like the pestilence) infect and spoile our frendship."

"Man is none other thing but an example of infirmitie, an image of inconstancie, and a ballance of fleagme and choler."

"This our life is like unto wine, whereof a little being left in the bottom of the barrell, doth become vineger."

"I exhort you as earnestly as I can, that ye would begin a new habyt of living, and use such manners as tende unto vertue, which may make the minde more capable of felicitie!"

Yours, &c.

CORRIGENDUM.

JUNIUS'S LETTERS.

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING lately met with a volume, published by Mr. Chalmers, called "A Supplemental Apology for the Believers," I beg leave to offer a few remarks, which the perusal of it has suggested. How far the believers of Mr. Ireland's clumsy forgery are deserving of apology, or what the measure of their gratitude may be to this their gallant champion, I shall not enquire, nor should the question have been called from its repose, even in this bare reference, if Mr. Chalmers had not thought fit to wander into a new field of discussion, and to attack, with furious severity, the author of Junius's Letters. Condemning not only the political principles, but the language and diction delivered in those celebrated papers, he, exultingly proceeds to dissect, with his philological knife, the opening of the famous letter to the King; and this he does, as we are told, "for the benefit of our liberal youth." Junius

writes, "It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach, &c." upon which expression Mr. Chalmers exclaims, "Who but a boy from Antrim would write *originally is?*" "And (is) originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has, &c." "Who, again, (says that critic) but a youth who had been taught English by an Irish woman at Antrim, would make the singular verb *has*, agree with the plural nominatives reproach and distress?" To these questions, so decently urged, a proper answer may be implied in two other questions. Who but a petulant hypercritic would make such comments? The cause is stated, not of what *was*, or *had been*, but with much more sense and animation, of what *is now actually existing.* "It is the misfortune of your life, and the original cause, &c." Again, who but such a philologer as Mr. C. would not perceive that "every reproach and distress," (i. e. each, distinctly) is properly connected with the singular verb, and also that the nominative noun is *not* either reproach or distress, which are both in the objective case, (the result or effect of the cause) but the relative *which*, (every or each reproach, &c.) that assumes the nominative government of *has?*

Again, Junius says, "If England was sold to France,"—"If resentment still prevails;" which Mr. C. would correct to "*were* sold," and "*prevail*," but he should go to school again, and learn his grammar better: he should be taught that "if," is not always, or necessarily, a sign of the subjunctive mood: it is only so when a condition or doubt is implied; but whenever, as in this instance, *as*, or *since*, may take the place of *if*, the mood is indicative. Again, Mr. Chalmers quotes the following passage as *egregiously defective.* "The rays of royal indignation, collected upon him, served only to illuminate, but could not consume." "The object *him*, (says Mr. C.) is wanting;" but it is not so; consume is given in its neuter sense, with much more force and elegance, and without any defect. "Another blunder, (cries Mr. C.) of the same kind is contained in the following passage.' 'He will soon fall back into his natural station, a silent senator, and hardly supporting the weekly eloquence of a newspaper:' which Mr. C. would emend thus, "A silent senator, and the feeble supporter of a weekly newspaper." I believe it will be sufficient here to remark, that this is a most feeble attempt to amend what needs no emendation.—but enough of this.

VINDEX.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

NUMBER V.

Un Sonnet sans defaut vaut seul un long poeme.
Mais en vain mille auteurs y pensent arriver;
A peine . . . .
. . . . peut-on admirer deux ou trois entre mille:
Boileau.

THERE is no species of poetry which is better adapted to the taste of a melancholy man than the sonnet. While its brevity precludes the possibility of its becoming tiresome, and its full and expected close accords well with his dejected and perhaps somewhat languid tone of mind, its elegiac delicacy and querimonious plaintiveness come in pleasing consonance with his feelings.

This elegant little poem has met with a peculiar fate in this country: half a century ago it was regarded as utterly repugnant to the nature of our language, while at present it is the popular vehicle of the most admired sentiments of our best living poets. This remarkable mutation in the opinions of our countrymen may, however, be accounted for on plain and common principles. The earlier English sonnetteers confined themselves, in general, too strictly to the Italian model, as well in the disposition of the rhymes as in the cast of the ideas. A sonnet, with them, was only another word for some metaphysical conceit, or clumsy antithesis, contained in fourteen harsh lines, full of obscure inversions and ill-managed expletives. They bound themselves down to a pattern, which was in itself faulty, and they met with the common fate of servile imitators, in retaining all the defects of their original, while they suffered the beauties to escape in the process. Their sonnets are like copies of a bad picture: however accurately copied, they are still bad. Our contemporaries, on the contrary, have given scope to their genius in the sonnet without restraint, sometimes even growing licentious in their liberty, setting at defiance those rules which form its distinguishing peculiarity, and, under the name of sonnet, soaring or falling into ode or elegy. Their compositions, of course, are impressed with all those excellencies which would have marked their respective productions in any similar walk of poetry.

It has never been disputed that the sonnet first arrived at celebrity in the Italian: a language which, as it abounds in a musical similarity of terminations, is more eminently qualified to give ease and elegance to the legitimate sonnet, restricted as it is to stated

and frequently-recurring rhymes of the same class. As to the inventors of this little structure of verse, they are involved in impenetrable obscurity. Some authors have ascribed it singly to Guitone D'Arezzo, an Italian poet of the thirteenth century, but they have no sort of authority to adduce in support of their assertions. Arguing upon probabilities, with some slight co-incidental corroborations, I should be inclined to maintain that its origin may be referred to an earlier period; that it may be looked for amongst the Provençals, who left scarcely any combination of metrical sounds unattempted; and who, delighting as they did in sound and jingle, might very possibly strike out this harmonious stanza of fourteen lines. Be this as it may, Dante and Petrarch were the first poets who rendered it popular, and to Dante and Petrarch therefore we must resort for its required rules.

In an ingenious paper of Dr. Drake's "Literary Hours," a book which I have read again and again with undiminished pleasure, the merits of the various English writers in this delicate mode of composition, are appreciated with much justice and discrimination. His veneration for Milton however has, if I may venture to oppose my judgment to his, carried him too far in praise of his sonnets. Those to the Nightingale and to Mr. Lawrence are, I think, alone entitled to the praise of *mediocrity*, and, if my memory fail me not, my opinion is sanctioned by the testimony of our late illustrious biographer of the poets.

The sonnets of Drummond are characterised as exquisite. It is somewhat strange, if this description be just, that they should so long have sunk into utter oblivion, to be revived only by a species of black-letter *mania*, which prevailed during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and of which some vestiges yet remain; the more especially as Dr. Johnson, to whom they could scarcely be unknown, tells us, that "The fabric of the sonnet has *never* succeeded in our language." For my own part, I can say nothing of them. I have long sought a copy of Drummond's works, and I have sought it in vain; but from specimens which I have casually met with, in quotations, I am forcibly inclined to favour the idea, that, as they possess natural and pathetic sentiments, clothed in tolerably harmonious language, they are entitled to the praise which has been so liberally bestowed on them.

Sir Philip Sidney's Astrophel and Stella consists of a number of sonnets, which have been unaccountably passed over by Dr. Drake, and all our other critics who have written on this subject. Many of them are eminently beautiful. The works of this neglected poet may occupy a future number of my lucubrations.

Excepting these two poets, I believe there is scarcely a writer who has arrived at any degree of excellence in the sonnet, until of late years, when our vernacular bards have raised it to a degree of eminence and dignity, among the various kinds of poetical composition, which seems almost incompatible with its very circumscribed limits.

Passing over the classical compositions of Warton, which are formed more on the model of the Greek epigram, or epitaph, than the Italian sonnet, Mr. Bowles and Charlotte Smith are the first modern writers who have met with distinguished success in the sonnet. Those of the former, in particular, are standards of excellence in this department. To much natural and accurate description, they unite a strain of the most exquisitely tender and delicate sentiment; and, with a nervous strength of diction, and a wild freedom of versification, they combine an euphonious melody, and consonant cadence, unequaled in the English language. While they possess, however, the superior merit of an original style, they are not unfrequently deformed by instances of that ambitious singularity which is but too frequently its concomitant. Of these the introduction of rhymes long since obsolete is not the least striking. Though, in some cases, these revivals of antiquated phrase have a pleasing effect, yet they are oftentimes uncouth and repulsive. Mr. Bowles has almost always thrown aside the common rules of the sonnet; his pieces have no more claim to that specific denomination than that they are confined to fourteen lines. How far this deviation from established principle is justifiable, may be disputed; for if, on the one hand, it be alledged that the confinement to the stated repetition of rhymes, so distant and frequent, is a restraint which is not compensated by any adequate effect; on the other, it must be conceded, that these little poems are no longer *sonnets* than while they conform to the rules of the sonnet, and that the moment they forsake them, they ought to resign the appellation.

The name bears evident affinity to the Italian *sonáre*, "*to resound*"—"*sing around*," which originated in the Latin *sonans,—sounding, jingling, ringing*: or, indeed, it may come immediately from the French *sonner*, to sound, or ring, in which language, it is observable, we first meet with the word sonnette, where it signifies *a little bell*, and *sonnettier* a maker of little bells; and this derivation affords a presumption, almost amounting to certainty, that the conjecture before advanced, that the sonnet originated with the Provençals, is well founded. It is somewhat strange that these contending derivations have not been before observed, as they tend

to settle a question which, however intrinsically unimportant, is curious, and has been much agitated.

But, wherever the name originated, it evidently bears relation only to the peculiarity of a set of chiming and jingling terminations, and of course can no longer be applied with propriety where that peculiarity is not preserved.

The single stanza of fourteen lines, properly varied in their correspondent closes, is, notwithstanding, so well adapted for the expression of any pathetic sentiment, and is so pleasing and satisfactory to the ear, when once accustomed to it, that our poetry would suffer a material loss were it to be disused through a rigid adherence to mere propriety of name. At the same time, our language does not supply a sufficiency of similar terminations, to render the strict observance of its rules at all easy or compatible with ease or elegance. The only question, therefore, is, whether the musical effect produced by the adherence to this difficult structure of verse overbalance the restraint it imposes on the poet, and, in case we decide in the negative, whether we ought to preserve the denomination of *sonnet*, when we utterly renounce the very peculiarities which procured it that cognomen.

In the present enlightened age, I think it will not be disputed that mere jingle and sound ought invariably to be sacrificed to sentiment and expression. Musical effect is a very subordinate consideration; it is the gilding to the cornices of a Vitruvian edifice; the colouring to a shaded design of Michael Angelo. In its place it adds to the effect of the whole, but when rendered a principal object of attention, it is ridiculous and disgusting. Rhyme is no necessary adjunct of true poetry. Southey's Thalaba is a fine poem, with no rhyme, and very little measure or metre; and the production which is reduced to mere prose by being deprived of its jingle, could never possess, in any state, the marks of inspiration.

So far, therefore, I am of opinion that it is advisable to renounce the Italian fabric altogether. We have already sufficient restrictions laid upon us by the metrical laws of our native tongue, and I do not see any reason, out of a blind regard for precedent, to tie ourselves to a difficult structure of verse, which probably originated with the Troubadours, or wandering bards, of France and Normandy, or with a yet ruder race; one which is not productive of any rational effect, and which only pleases the ear by frequent repetition, as men who have once had the greatest aversion to strong wines and spirituous liquors, are, by habit, at last brought to regard them as delicacies.

In advancing this opinion, I am aware that I am opposing myself to the declared sentiments of many individuals whom I greatly respect and admire. Miss Seward (and Miss Seward is in herself a host) has, both theoretically and practically, defended the Italian structure. Mr. Capel Lofft has likewise favoured the world with many sonnets, in which he shews his approval of the legitimate model, by his adherence to its rules, and many of the beautiful poems of Mrs. Lofft, published in the Monthly Mirror, are likewise successfully formed by those rules. Much, however, as I admire these writers, and ample as is the credence I give to their critical discrimination, I cannot, on mature reflection, subscribe to their position of the expediency of adopting this structure in our poetry, and I attribute their success in it more to their individual powers, which would have surmounted much greater difficulties, than to the adaptibility of this foreign fabric to our stubborn and intractable language.

If the question, however, turn only on the propriety of giving to a poem a name which must be acknowledged to be entirely inappropriate, and to which it can have no sort of claim, I must confess that it is manifestly indefensible; and we must then either pitch upon another appellation for our quatorzain, or banish it from our language; a measure which every lover of true poetry must sincerely lament.

W.

SELECT SENTENCES.

VIRTUE seems to be nothing more than a *notion, consonant to the system of things.* Were a planet to fly from its orbit, it would represent a vicious man. To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, discovers, at the same time, a *bad disposition,* and a *worse taste.*

I FIND increasing years cause me to *esteem fewer* people—yet to *bear with more.*

IF beneficence be not in a person's *will,* what imports it to mankind that it is in his *power?* and yet we see how much more regard is generally paid to a worthless man of fortune, than to the most benevolent beggar that ever uttered one ineffectual blessing. This is all agreeable to Mr. Burke's Thesis, that the *formidable idea of power* affects more deeply, than the most *beautiful idea* that can be conceived of *moral virtue.*

Q. Z.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quasi adjuvat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Poems from the Portuguese of Luis de Camoens, with Remarks on his Life and Writings, Notes, &c. by Lord Viscount Strangford. 7s. *J. Carpenter.* 1803.

THE almost total ignorance, in England, of this extraordinary poet, until the appearance, in 1655, of Fanshaw's translation of his principal work, would be more surprising were it not that, in Portugal, even at the present period, amongst many of his countrymen, who might reasonably be thought to have thoroughly investigated, and, consequently, in a high degree to appreciate his merits, his very name is scarcely known, or only known for having belonged to a man who has written what they never read, nor ever will. If a country be not itself alive to all the beauties, and loud and frequent in the praise, of the luminous genius that may happen to adorn it, it is rarely to be hoped or expected that foreigners will be anxiously ready (if capable) to discover his excellence, and to promulgate his fame. Had we been dead to the numberless charms that overspread the pages of our immortal bard, and suffered them, with silent apathy, to moulder neglected on the shelf, the name of Shakspeare had probably never reached the shores of France, and no Voltaire (only not so envious as ignorant of his subject) had ever risen to take the fruitless pains even to abuse him.*

* To be famous in letters was enough to incur the hatred and censure of Voltaire. If the satirist of Aquinum could say,

Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum,

we may, perhaps, be allowed to observe that if Study lent him no aid, Envy invested him, as it were, by sudden inspiration, with a power of becoming a critic in all languages, arts, and sciences! Camoens, of whom he could not read a word, shared with him the same fate as Shakespeare. But, as the Abbé de Castres justly remarks, "La plupart de ses dissertations Litteraires sont un tribut d'hommages qu'il se peye à lui-meme, ou des arrets prononcés contre ses Rivaux." Such knowledge as he possessed of the Portuguese poet, he acquired through the miserable medium of Fanshaw's translation, *attributing to the former all the defects of his ridiculous version.* We here use the words of the editor of the original, in his preface to the reader, where he shews an honest indignation at the treatment Camoens had received from the "*insolente e petulante Voltaire.*" As Fanshaw's version is not in the hands of every one, we shall quote a few verses from it, to afford some idea of the manner in which he preserves the style and dignity of Epic poetry. A noble passage in the 9th Book of the Lusiad is thus turned:

The Malabar protests that he shall rot
In prison, if he send not for the ships.
He, constant, (and with noble anger hot)
His haughty menace weighs not at *two chips.*

It has, indeed, been a cause of much regret with us, that after Mr. Mickle (for we must date the respect now entertained for the bard of Lusitania from his time) had so boldly and ably led the way, by his version of the Lusiad, which poem, in the Portuguese, forms two volumes out of the five that compose the last edition (Lisbon, 1782), no one should think it not unworthy of him to rescue the larger mass of his miscellaneous productions from their long unmerited oblivion. Our wishes have at length been, in some measure, gratified by the publication of the little volume before us, for which we are beholden to Lord Viscount Strangford, who has prefaced his selections with several judicious and well-written remarks on the character and writings of his author.

His Lordship commences by very truly stating, that the life of Camoens is an exception to the observation, that the mémoirs of literary men are devoid of extraordinary incident, "since its vicissitudes were so many, and so various, as almost to encourage a belief, that, in describing them, the deficiencies of fact were sometimes supplied by the pencil of romance." He then proceeds to recount them; and on the contested origin of the poet's name, we find a pleasant anecdote, which we shall not withhold from our readers. Some maintain that the patronymic appellation of his family alluded to a certain wonderful bird (the Camaõ) whose mischievous sagacity discovered and punished the smallest deviation from conjugal fidelity.

"Formerly, every well regulated family in Spain retained one of these terrible attendants. The infidelity of its mistress was the only circumstance which could deprive it of life. Should her guilt have been extended to any degree beyond a wish, the faithful bird immediately betrayed it, by expiring at the feet of its injured lord. It soon was difficult to find a *Camaõ* that had lived in the same family during three generations; and at length the species became entirely extinct!" p. 2, 3.

The noble author, in the course of his remarks, with great propriety takes an opportunity of correcting the errors in Mr. Mickle's Life of Camoens, which he does from the best and surest authority. His complaints against Mr. M. are just and well-founded. He was, without doubt, exceedingly free, not only in what he said of the illustrious Portuguese, but in what he made him say. The editor of the original text indulges us in a preface, with various strictures on his translation. Upon the whole, he is candid enough to praise it, but he objects pointedly, and with a strong colour of reason, to several things, and among others, to Mr. M.'s having made so many alterations and innovations in his author; some that he has acknowledged, and some that he has not: in the number of

the latter is the fight in the ninth book, which is an interpolation extending, according to the editor's words, to more than three hundred verses, to which nothing correspondent is to be found in Camoens. P. 55, vol. i. orig.

We are unwilling to dismiss this Portuguese writer without translating one of his comments, the singularity of the close of which will, we trust, plead a successful excuse for the digression.

"It might have been hoped," he observes, "that in such a work as this, the translator would not have introduced any controversy respecting religion. However," he continues, "Mickle has taken special care to shew his hatred and aversion to the catholic persuasion, advancing those ancient calumnies which have a thousand and a thousand times been refuted. He falsifies facts," says he, "and makes ridiculous and absurd allusions, which prove nothing but the malignity of their author." He then adds—"Talvez com este adubo quiz recommendar o seu livro ao paladar dos seus para-vender-lo melhor." P. 60, v. i. *But perhaps with this seasoning he thought to recommend his book to the palate of his countrymen, so as to procure it a better sale!*

Following in the steps of the common life of Camoens, his lordship tells us that "he was buried in the church of Saint Anne of the Franciscans;" and this fact we have no ground to dispute, but something further might have been adduced on this subject, which the writer of this article will, from his own knowledge, take the liberty of supplying.

Residing at Buenos Ayres, the distance from thence to the church of St. Anne was considerable, but had it been multiplied we should readily have undertaken a pilgrimage to sigh over the grave that contains the sacred dust of the ill-fated Camoens. Although it is a vulgar saying in Lisbon that "none but dogs and Englishmen walk in the heat of the day," we did not conform to this custom of our active fellow Britons, but, rising at six o'clock in the morning, we proceeded to the desired spot. At the entrance of the church we perceived three or four priests, whom we accosted for the purpose of gaining some information respecting the poet's tomb. Of his tomb, however, they professed an entire ignorance, and were some time before they knew the name of the man after whom we enquired. At length one of them being brought to comprehend the object of our pursuit, he intimated it to his brethren, which produced a sort of smile of contempt, and this was every thing we obtained from them. We could have seen a

severe penance of flagellation inflicted on them with inexpressible delight!

Making our way now into the church, and having recourse to the Portuguese life of Camoens (Vol. 1. p. 139) we found that he died at Lisbon in 1579, aged 55, and was interred on the left hand side of the entrance of the door of the church of St. Anne, but that a few years after in 1595, D. Gonçalo Coutinho had him removed to the middle of the church. Nothing of this appearing, however, owing assuredly to some alterations that have since taken place, we were about to return unsatisfied, when we perceived a porter standing at the grate of a nunnery belonging to this church and the Franciscan order, who, on our asking for Camoens' tomb, knocked at a door, and immediately introduced us to an old abbess, a perfect picture of humility, penitence, and religion. She informed us, with very little ceremony, that the celebrated poet, he who

Ense simul, calamoque auxit tibi, LYSIA *famam;*

Camoens, the glory of Portugal, lay *buried under a stair-case in the nunnery*, and that no man could be admitted to visit the repository of his ashes!

We shall add no more, but that this, alas! no "lying epitaph" was placed over his grave in 1629:

Here lies Luis de Camoens, the Prince of the Poets of his time: he lived poor and miserable, and so he died!

Having perhaps already travelled too far out of the province of a reviewer, we yield to the prudent admonition of our office, and, restraining a strong desire we feel to extend our anecdotes and remarks, again advert to the line which it is our profession to observe.

We have perused Lord Strangford's translations with much pleasure, and frequent but not unmixed satisfaction. In the first part of the work, which consists of madrigals, canzonets, and rondeaux, his lordship makes very free with his original. This freedom, however, is not unproductive of the beauties of poetry, which will appear by an indiscriminate selection.

RONDEAU.

Just like Love is yonder rose,
Heavenly fragrance round it throws,
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the midst of briars it blows,
Just like love.

Cull'd to bloom upon the breast,
Since rough thorns the stem invest,
They must be gather'd with the rest,
And with it to the heart be prest,
Just like Love.

And when rude hands the twin buds sever,
They die---and they shall blossom never,
---Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
Just like love. p. 47.

STANZAS.

I saw the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumber'd woes;
And he was poor---without a friend---
Press'd by a thousand foes.

I saw the passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay;
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life, a summer's day.

And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And join'd her giddy train---
But found her soon the nurse of Care,
And Punishment, and Pain.

There surely is some guiding pow'r
Which rightly suffers wrong---
Gives vice to bloom its little hour---
But Virtue late and long! p. 49.

Why our poet entitles his pieces madrigals, and no where instructs the English reader in the nature of the *mote*, *glossa*, and *volta*, as those compositions are generally denominated by the Portuguese writer, we are at a loss to determine. Such little jeux d'esprit are understood to be the extemporaneous effusions of what would be called in Italy *improvisatori*. They are produced in this manner. The *mote* is something said by one in company, on which another makes a *glossa*, or explication in verse at any length, commonly preserving the *mote* in the conclusion; as in that Spanish one, *Vos teneis mi coraçon*. Vol. 4. p. 298, the glossa of which, however, his lordship (p. 40) thinks fit to term a madrigal, and is pleased to neglect every form and character belonging to the primitive design. The version is otherwise distinguished by delicacy and taste, qualities which are missing indeed in no part of this ingenious work.

The sonnets are more closely turned. Still we may observe that sonnet 4, which is sonnet 100 in the original, has been taken some

liberty with; but, in one instance, not without judgment. However, we deem it going injudiciously wide to translate

> *Taõ longe da ditosa Patria minha*---
> Far from *green* Portugal's parental shore; p. 84.

because Camoens has before used the expression *verde*, speaking of Alemquer, which, though descriptive of that spot, is very little characteristic of the shores or general appearance of Portugal.

Some notes (the paucity of which is our greatest regret) accompany and illustrate these translations. On the lines in the first sonnet:

> Oh, Lady! since I've worn thy gentle chain,
> How oft have I deplor'd each wasted hour,
> When I was free---and had not learn'd to love!

"Faria says," according to Lord S. "that Camoens was indebted for this idea to Silvestre, a Spanish poet:"

> So delightful my prison had grown,
> So charming the fetters I bore,
> That my bosom regretted alone
> It had not been captur'd before!

But it is not improbable that Camoens, whose mind, from his studies at Coimbra, was thoroughly imbued with classic lore, had the Greek poet in his thoughts, who has thus pleasingly expressed the happiness enjoyed in being a slave to those we love:

> Και φησιν, ευθεως με
> Ελευθερην ποιησειν,
> Εγω δε, κην αφη με,
> Δουλη μενω παρ᾽ αυτῳ.
>
> ANAC. Ode ix.*

Sonnet 5. (24 orig.) "The Horatian precept *nec verbum verbo*, has," says our poet (pref. p. 31) "been the bane of many. It has proved to the world of translation, what the phrase 'liberality of sentiment' has been to that of morals---the worst of errors have originated from both." His lordship might, in this sonnet, as well as in some other places, be brought forward *very tolerably* to exemplify this position. The simple opening of Camoens,

> *A quella triste e léda madrugada,*
> *Chea toda de Mágoa, e de piedade,*
> *Em quanto houver no mundo saudade*
> *Quero que seja sempre celebrada.* v. 3. p. 37.

* So, "Thy locks of gold," in Canzon, p. 64, should, in preference to Bembo, have been referred to Petrarch, Sonnet xi.

is thus translated (for so we are led to suspect from the circumstance of its forming the commencement of the English sonnet,)

Till Lovers tears at parting cease to flow,
Nor sunder'd hearts by strong despair be torn;
So long recorded be that April morn,
When gleams of joy were dash'd with show'rs of woe!

Lord S. is sometimes, perhaps, excusable in such an essay as this, for the paraphrases and embellishments in which he indulges, but we do not think him always fortunate, since we are ever loath to sacrifice the unadorned, but expressive language of nature, to the artful and figurative style of laborious composition.* The termination of son. 7 (25 orig.) may serve to elucidate our remark:

Fell star of fate! thou never canst employ
A torment teeming with severer smart
Than that which memory *pours upon the heart,*
While clinging round the sepulchre of joy!

The words of the original in English are these: *What evil can be greater than in my misery, to possess the memory of good, that is already passed?*

Some objections of a different description might be advanced, but we gladly abandon them for the more agreeable task of confessing that, upon the whole, the execution of these pieces is a very favourable specimen of his lordship's powers of versification, and knowledge of the Portugueze and Spanish languages; and we may also observe that the selection is highly creditable to his taste and judgment. There is, however, ample room (but twenty sonnets being turned out of three hundred and one, with an abundance of neglected *cançoes, odes, sextinas, elegias,* and *estancias*) for several more such publications as the present; and if his lordship, by what he has done, would signify (as we hope) that he is a zealous candidate to be continued in the same grateful office, we are most prompt to acknowledge that he has merited our vote, and we give it with every sincere wish for that future success, which must be relied on, and cannot be doubted, whilst he enrols amongst his coadjutors the names of a Percy and a Hayley.*

An Examination of the Strictures of the Critical Reviewers, on the Translation of Juvenal, by W. Gifford, Esq. 4s. pp. 74. 4to. Hatchard. 1803.

Is it to be indured that a man, such a man as Mr. Gifford, who has meritoriously devoted a large portion of his existence to the performance of a labour of so much importance, so fraught with

* See Preface, p. 32.

difficulty, so pregnant with every necessity of profound research, and withal so felicitous in its execution, as the late translation of Juvenal, which we were irresistibly called upon, at an early period of the present year, to mention in terms so honourable and well-deserved; is it, we repeat with a warmth that we are unable to suppress, is it to be endured, that the long and active toil, the penetrating genius, the deep learning, and the unwearied industry of such a master, should be arraigned by Envy and Malignity, and all his great endeavours, his anxious perseverance, in one short moment, condemned, reviled, and set at nought? Shall it be said that

The Falcon tow'ring in his pride of place,
Was by a MOUSING OWL *hawk'd at, and kill'd?*

Let us hope that more justice, as well as a far more suitable reward, awaits his literary deserts; deserts so highly distinguished, and so basely calumniated.

Although we generally, upon these occasions, could wish the author, whose genius and celebrity are become so illustrious as to excite the vain carping and petty insults of private enmity, or party malice, to pass them by with silent indifference, and contemptuous neglect, yet are we aware of the feelings of human nature, and know that the most noble and capacious minds are not always able to rise superior to these low attacks, but, too sensible to their touch, are often, as it were, compelled to vent their indignation; so do we sometimes see the generous steed, by a filthy, dirt-engendered fly, teazed and vexed almost into madness!

Mr. Gifford's well-founded complaint against "The Critical Reveiwers," is, it would appear, no novelty. Churchill long since had cause to say, what Mr. G. might have observed on the publication of his version of Juvenal: now

"Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
To Hamilton's the ready lies repair;---
Ne'er was lie made which was not welcome there---
Thence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
The polish'd falshood's into public brought.
Quick-circulating slanders mirth afford,
And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word."

The Apology, addressed in 1761 to the Critical Reviewers.

After brushing off the dirt that has been spattered upon him, but which will "leave no stain behind," and with great ease exculpating himself in various instances from the criticism (*if* criticism *it can be called, which* criticism *is none)* of his too-evidently

splenetic, hostile, and malevolent Reviewers, Mr. G. proceeds thus good humouredly to compare their succession, according to his experience, to that of a posse of pitiful mayors in a certain town in Cornwall.

"In my younger days I got by heart a stanza made on a wretched succession of mayors in some Cornish town, and I am glad I yet remember it. 'Let us cast away nothing,' says Pandarus, 'for we know not what use we may have for it.'

If thus we go on,
And from bad to worse run,
Who shall be elected next year?
To fill up the place
Of so worthy a race,
The devil himself must be mayor!

Peter Pindar, Mr. ---------! who will be the next?" p. 25.

It would be tedious, and utterly devoid of entertainment, to quote from Mr. G.'s refutation of the numerous charges brought by the Critical Review, against his mode of turning several passages in Juvenal, therefore we shall prefer some more general remarks, which occur in the "Examination," at p. 36, 37, and relate to the imputation of "Vulgarity," in Mr. G.'s style of composition. He professes to have been principally conversant with the works of the best age of English literature, and this he holds to be from the last years of Elizabeth, to the death of James.

"These," says he, "I have studied: if without profit, it is not for want of industry, but of ability; and I never could perceive, either that they shunned the use of *familiar phrases*, and such as were employed in *ordinary conversation*; or, that if they did, their language was much improved by it."

"This had not escaped the observation of Dryden. Every reader—I speak from my own feelings; but I presume that every reader of his prose works has experienced a sweetness that hung upon his mind; a nameless something that operated as a spell, and seduced him onward. The principal agent in this powerful necromancy, is the frequent and judicious interspersion of words and phrases in common use. In extent and variety of learning, Dryden is surpassed by many; in consistency and truth, by more. Less is to be gleaned from his criticisms, than a careless reader would imagine, yet what reader of taste ever laid him down without regret? If this be true of his prose, it is no less so of his verse: Truth, as Shakspeare says, is truth to the end of the reckoning. It cannot therefore be more true; but certainly the poetry of Dryden has a greater portion of colloquial language diffused through it, than his prose. How much of the irresistible sweetness of his fables arises from this cause! The mind is insensibly led on: it is soothed, it is lulled into a delicious languor, by terms

familiar to it; by combinations which are instantly acknowledged; not jolted and startled, as in some of the admired writings of the present day, where harsh and affected inversions encumber every page. It is as pleasant to dance barefoot over Derbyshire spar, as to pore upon many of our popular compositions, which, like the prose of Gibbon, and the poetry of Darwin, are stuck full of points and sparkles, that dazzle and confound the sight, no less than the judgment."

We do not every way concur in these sentiments, but the opinions of Mr. Gifford are always valuable, and, on this account, and not for the purpose of combat, we have here cited them.

It is late, but not even now perhaps entirely unnecessary to inform some of our readers, that this "Examination" appears in consequence of a review of Mr. G.'s Juvenal, in the Critical Review, extending through three numbers, (September, October, and November, 1802) which mere justice obliges us to condemn, as full of acrimony, misrepresentation, and such επεα ακοσμα as ill become the character of gentlemen and scholars. Dryden's translation of Juvenal was attacked by Milbourne, and Pope's observation on that attack, may, *at least*, be made on the one which Mr. Gifford has suffered:—these "*outrages seem to be the ebullitions of a mind agitated by stronger resentment than bad poetry can excite, and previously resolved not to be pleased!*"

The Life of William Cowper, Esquire, with critical Observations on his Poems. By John Corry, Author of a Satirical View of London, the 'Detector of Quackery,' &c. *Small* 8vo. 3s. *London. Vernor and Hood.* 1803.

PREPARATORY to our examination of Mr. Hayley's whole-length portrait of COWPER, which he has sketched out as large as the life; we have inspected Mr. Corry's miniature, and we think it has considerable merit. He has touched the interesting features of the amiable bard with discriminative force and truth of outline, though we could not sometimes forbear to wish that certain effects of morbid and calamitous dejection had been softened into more congenial shade. The judgment of an artist is greatly shown, by reducing particular harshnesses or irregularities into one harmonious mass: and the skill of a biographer is not less evinced by developing those infirmities with tenderness which excite a painful sensation in the reader. Mr. Corry might sometimes have profited in this respect by the misdirected zeal of Mr. Greathead, who might himself have gathered timely caution from the posthumous emblazoners of Dr. Johnson's name.

The present, we fear, has been rather a hurried publication, for at p. 48 we are told that Mr. Cowper, on his removal to Weston,

adopted a more fashionable garb than was his previous custom, and had his hair dressed and powdered, as it is represented in the portrait given with this biographical sketch; but on referring to the engraved representation, we find the poet in his night-cap. Again, at p. 7, we are informed, that Cowper's 'constitutional melancholy gave an inanimated cast to his features;' and at p. 46, we read that 'his countenance was very expressive, and when under the influence of his characteristic philanthropy, serene and smiling.' We point out these hasty inadvertencies that they may be corrected in another edition, to which, we doubt not, the volume will very soon proceed: and we are content to produce as an authority for this presage, the biographer's short parallel between Pope and Cowper as original writers. As translators they have already been most ably compared.

"In descriptive poetry," says Mr. Corry, "Cowper is not so flowing and harmonious as Pope, yet he generally presents a more faithful picture of nature to the reader's imagination. Instead of calling up the shades of the illustrious dead to people the landscape, as Pope has done in his Windsor Forest, Cowper exhibits scenes of cultivated nature, illuminated by the light of day, inhabited by industrious husbandmen, and enlivened by flocks and herds, the lapse of rivers, and the melody of birds.

"As a describer of the operations of passion, Pope was superior to Cowper. His Eloisa to Abelard, and the Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady, are not only more pathetic than any of the pieces of Cowper, but perhaps than any other poems in the English language. Nevertheless, though Pope describes pathetic incidents with more effect, Cowper excels him in the description of domestic tranquillity.

"As satirists, they have both great claims to our approbation, insomuch that it is difficult to determine which is superior. Perhaps the general decision will be in favour of Pope, who is more sprightly and poignant, though Cowper is more energetic.

"Notwithstanding the great merit of Pope in didactic poetry, Cowper deserves the palm. In his Essay on Man, and Moral Essays, Pope displays a profound knowledge of the human heart, but there is a tincture of levity in most of his pieces, which counteracts their beneficial effect. In moral purity, then, which is the highest excellence of man, Cowper is not only superior to Pope, but unequalled by any poet of the last century, except Watts. The principal excellence of Cowper is sublimity, to which we may superadd strength, or that energetic mode of communicating ideas by which he electrifies the reader, especially in the description of terrific scenes. On the other hand, the excellences of the poetry of Pope are sprightliness, spirit, ease, and a melodious flow which delights the reader.

"Indeed, they are both not only amiable but venerable. The poems of Pope may be compared to a handsome man, adorned with flowing robes, and beautiful as the Paris of Homer. The more chaste and dignified verse of Cowper

is like a well-made man, in a plain habit, which displays to greater advantage the symmetry of his form, and whose countenance, like Milton's Adam, is animated with the intelligence which beautifies 'the human face divine.' Pope excelled in grace;—Cowper has more dignity. Pope is melodious;—Cowper energetic. The verse of the former, like the melody of the flute, charms the hearer: the verse of the latter, like the sound of the clarion, rouses and animates him. Pope, like the nightingale, soothes the ear, and attracts us to the contemplation of terrestrial objects; but Cowper's Muse soars like the lark, bearing 'on her wings and in her notes' praise to the great DEITY, whose power created, and whose providential wisdom and love sustain the universe!"

Memoirs of the Peers of England, during the Reign of James the First. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 544. White. 1802.

So much effeminate attention has been lavished of late years upon the complexion of paper and symmetry of type, that we are not sorry to see a publication in which an author has the masculine firmness to resist this literary foppery, and to let his work make its way to public attention by its own intrinsic claims. These claims, in the present instance, rest upon the basis of ingenuous industry, judicious selection, and personal candour. The beauties of typography have not been resorted to for adventitious aid, though the volume will be thought by many to have merited a higher consideration in this respect, from the value of the materials which compose it.

"These memoirs are written," says the ingenious author, "not to flatter individuals, but to exhibit traits of history and manners; and will be found very different from the contents of Collins and Dugdale. Here they, of whom there are no other memorials than their titles, offices, epitaphs, and rentals, occupy a very small space; while the notices of those who were great in themselves, the characters of the statesman, the author, and the soldier, have been collected with industry, and brought forward with fondness. If history be valuable, the contents of these pages cannot be deemed trifling. Little is here introduced which does not rise to the importance of history. It is indeed so arranged, as best to illustrate the lives and characters of individuals, but those individuals were generally the principal actors in the events described.

Our author is an avowed friend to the aristocracy of his country, but on principles so honourable to himself, that it would be injustice not to publish his sentiments at length.

"Let us recollect that this important branch of the legislature forms a bond of union between the other two branches, and while it enjoys some interests in common with each, it affords correctives to the dangerous propensities to which each may be liable. The privileges and duties of this station are far from light. They are not, as so many are fond of representing them, empty titles; the decorations of a coronet or a feather. All human institutions will be sometimes abused.--- They who degrade the possession of such political advantages are doubly base;

and it is the province of history not only to confer on the good the fame they have merited, but to hold up the bad to the scorn they have provoked.

"Far be it from me to be dazzled with rank and honours. Next to virtue, genius and literature will ever hold the second place in my mind. This is the aristocracy to which alone I would bend the knee. The rest is all political arrangement, which, wise as I think it, can have no claim to more than the formularies of outward respect and precedence, but cannot for a moment impose upon an enlightened mind. I believe that there is something in the descent from a long line of illustrious ancestors, which has a tendency to engender generous sentiments and an elevated spirit. But there is no doubt that this incentive, in too many instances, has failed. It is, then, that by a contrast with the glory of those who have gone before him, the defects of the degenerate representative appear the more glaring. A lofty station but exhibits the mean, the base, or the stupid, to more conspicuous derision."

This volume is divided into four books:—

I. Peers whose ancestors in the male line had attained the rank of barons as early as the reign of Henry III.

II. Containing those Peers whose ancestors of the male line had arrived at the rank of barons after the end of Henry the Third's reign, and before the eleventh of Richard the Second.

III. Containing the Peers, whose ancestors of the male line attained the rank of barons from the accession of Henry the Fourth to the extinction of the male line of the house of Plantagenet.

IV. Containing the Peers, whose ancestors of the male line attained the rank of barons during the reign of the house of Tudor.

To these four books, which include the memoirs of seventy peers, is appended "an account of the engraved portraits, mansions, and estates, of those personages recorded in the volume," which is rendered additionally interesting by an engraving of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, to whose memory the work is inscribed! another of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, with Mary Queen of France, and a view of Sudeley Castle. Some 'peculiar interests' which are alluded to, near the close of the volume, induce us to ascribe it to the pen of Mr. Egerton Brydges; though a still stronger evidence for referring it to that writer results from style, from critical judgment, from genealogical and historical knowledge, from sound reflection, from liberal sentiment, and from blending poetical extract with antiquarian enquiry. It will exceedingly gratify us to hail the remaining portion of this publication, and to see, what is reported to be in great forwardness, a *second* volume of "Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum," which is to include the reign of Charles the Second.

Palestine, a prize Poem recited in the Theatre Oxford. June 15, 1803. By Reginald Heber, Commoner of Brazen-Nose College.

It has been our lot to see many poems that have obtained prizes after a contest, in which, from the verses bearing away the palm, it would appear that a man might contend without merit, and triumph without honour. The poem before us on the Holy Wars is however of a character widely different, and stands amongst the other Muses of our universities that have lately made their appearance, like Dian supereminent amongst her nymphs:

Illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradiensque Deas supereminet omnes.

The subject of Mr. Heber's production is the Crusades, or expeditions of the Christians against the Infidels, for the conquest of the Holy Land; and a more fertile field for the research of the antiquary, the learning of the scholar, the zeal of the christian, and the genius of the poet, was scarcely ever chosen, and we may safely and justly add that the execution is as successful as the selection was happy. If we have any regret it is that the design was not enlarged, and that the eight Crusades were not made to form instead of a prize poem, a poem of several books, which, pursued in the present strain, must infallibly have insured Mr. H. a more lasting prize than any that Oxford has to bestow. The last of the eight Crusades took place in 1291, when, according to Maimbourg Hist. des Croisades, the town of Acre was taken and plundered by the Soldan of Egypt, and the Christians quite driven out of Syria. On the recent fate of this very spot Mr. H. gives us the following spirited lines, which must serve as a specimen of his powers of poetry.

When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,
And the green waters of reluctant Nile,
The Apostate chief---from Misraim's subject shore,
To *Acre's* walls his trophied banners bore;
When the pale desart mark'd his proud array,
And desolation hop'd an ampler sway;
What hero then triumphant Gaul dismay'd?
What arm repell'd the victor renegade?
Britannia's champion!---bath'd in hostile blood,
High on the breach the dauntless SEAMAN stood;
Admiring Asia saw the unequal fight,
E'en the pale crescent bless'd the christian might.
Oh! day of death! Oh thirst, beyond control
Of crimson conquest in the invader's soul.

The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,
O'er the red moat supplied a panting road;
O'er the red moat, our conquering thunders flew,
And loftier still the grisly rampire grew.
While proudly glow'd above the rescu'd tower
The wavy cross that mark'd Britannia's power. p. 26.

Although we do not remark any novelty of epithet or imagery in this composition, yet the advantage with which Mr. H. has evidently perused the poets, reflects much credit on his taste and discernment. We might object to his too frequent use of alliteration, as in the verse:

No *robber rage* the *ripening* harvest knows; v. 77.

and perhaps the verb in the plural number in this line would be an improvement:

But lawless might, and meagre want *is* there; v. 13.

however these are spots which, if they do not grace, certainly tend very little to blemish such a performance as the Palestine of Mr. Heber.

A Vindication of the Cause of Great Britain; with Strictures on the insolent and perfidious Conduct of France, since the Signature of the Preliminaries of Peace. To which is added a Postscript, on the Situation of the Continent, and the projected Invasion of this country. By William Hunter, Esq. of the Inner Temple. Second Edition. 2s. 8*vo.* *Stockdale.* 1803.

The publication of the second edition of this admirable pamphlet, at this important crisis, is calculated to inspirit and rouse the country to a sense of its danger. The tyranny of France is depicted with energy and with truth. We recommend the work to every class in society.

Leopold; or, the Bastard. In two Volumes. 12*mo.* 8s. *Highly.* 1803.

In the midst of wars and rumours of wars, it is no ungrateful task with the critic to have his sternness unbent, and his toil relieved, by productions similar to Leopold, where there is much fancy, and abundance of good writing. To the female world this novel must be most acceptable. The moral is chaste, and the heroic actions of "Leopold, or the Bastard," will endear the fugitive to every reader of taste and feeling.

A Rap for the P. R. A. By Peter Canvas. Price 6d. *Macpherson.* 1803.

A contemptible catch-penny.

Estelle, a Pastoral Romance. By M. de Florian. Embellished with seven Plates. Translated by Mr. Maxey. 12mo. 6s. Booshy. 1803.

THIS popular romance of Florian is published in a very elegant form; the engravings are well executed, and the poetry it contains is far more harmonious than the previous English edition.

Reflections on the Causes of the present Rupture with France. By John Adolphus, Esq. 8vo. 3s. Hatchard. 1803.

IT was hardly to be expected, that the accurate, and indeed eloquent historian of our country, whose ardour for the preservation of the constitution of England is manifested in his former splendid work, could see, with indifference, the tyrannizing menace of an implacable foe. Hence he felt it his duty, calmly and dispassionately to investigate the causes and consequences which have led to the present momentous crisis, founded upon the papers which the confidential servants of the crown felt it their duty to lay before parliament. A more clear elucidation of the whole we never read, unmixed with any other spirit of party, than that which genuine patriotism, and a true love for his country, and for the preservation of its honour, could inspire.

Glasgow, a Poem,. By John Mayne, 12mo. pp. 51. Cadell and Davies. 1803.

WE remember to have read, with considerable pleasure, an outline of these verses, in the Glasgow Magazine, for December 1802; they are, however, here much improved; experience hath strengthened the author's judgment, and in a very essential degree polished his taste.

Augustus and Mary, or the Maid of Buttermere. A Domestic Tale, by William Mudford. 12mo. 3s. Jones. 1803.

OUR indignation is roused by the cruel and unfeeling introduction of the name of this unfortunate female into tragedy, comedy, farce, pantomime, interlude, and novel. The story before us is ill-managed, and possesses neither interest nor even tolerable writing.

The good Effects of sincere and constant Prayer, exemplified in the History of the Dobson Family. 12mo. pp. 87. Rivington. 1803.

THIS pleasing "manual of devotion" recommends itself to our notice by the genuine spirit of piety which it so forcibly breathes and inculcates.

The Times considered; or a brief View of the general Cause of the Decline of Empires. Humbly inscribed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Moira. By Henry White. 8vo. 1s. 6d. *Ridgway.* 1803.

It is impossible there can be more than one opinion with regard to the present momentous period; and, luckily for Englishmen, one soul seems to animate the body politic. The country, we flatter ourselves, will not perish, even should the changes in the government, which Mr. White recommends for its preservation, not be adopted.

The noble personage to whom this pamphlet is dedicated has merited, and continues to merit, the gratitude of his country, for his patriotic and philanthropic exertions; but we rather question the policy of those *true* friends who are perpetually exhibiting his name to public notice, until it absolutely creates satiety.

Lucy Osmond. A Story. 12*mo.* 3*s.* 6*d. Robinsons.* 1803.

This novel will be found a salutary antidote for those who are, like poor Darby, "wrapt up in love." This passion hath its comforts and its sorrows, and can only be productive of good where minds and dispositions are united. The story of "Lucy Osmond" clearly demonstrates this point.

Correspondence between Great Britain and France, &c. &c. 2*s.* 6*d.* *Stockdale.* 1803.

For a clear and comprehensive view of these curious documents, we refer our readers to a most able and argumentative pamphlet, written by John Adolphus, Esq. and noticed in our present number.

DRAMATIC.

The Voice of Nature, a Play, in three Acts; as performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket. By James Boaden. 2*s. Ridgway.* 1803.

We entered at considerable length into the merits of this affecting drama, soon after its appearance on the stage. The commendation it then received from us we have no reason to retract, now that it is presented to our notice without the allurements of scenic decoration. It is an interesting subject, managed with much taste, and infinite dramatic skill. The dedication is to Mr. Colman.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

Imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero.

The Imitation of Life---The Mirror of Manners---The Representation of Truth.

THE DRAMATIC ESSAYIST.

No. II.

MR. HUME'S ESSAY ON TRAGEDY CONCLUDED.

DIFFICULTIES increase passions of every kind, and by rousing our attention, and exciting our active powers, they produce an emotion which nourishes the prevailing affection.

Parents commonly love that child most, whose sickly infirm frame of body has occasioned them the greatest pains, trouble, and anxiety in rearing him. The agreeable sentiment of affection here acquires force from sentiments of uneasiness.

Nothing endears so much a friend as sorrow for his death. The pleasure of his company has not so powerful an influence.

Jealousy is a painful passion; yet, without some share of it, the agreeable affection of love has difficulty to subsist in its full force and violence. Absence is also a great source of complaint amongst lovers, and gives them the greatest uneasiness: yet nothing is more favourable to their mutual passion than short intervals of that kind. And if long intervals be pernicious, it is only because, through time, men are accustomed to them, and they cease to give uneasiness. Jealousy and absence in love compose the *dolce piccante* of the *Italians*, which they suppose so essential to all pleasure.

There is a fine observation of the elder *Pliny*, which illustrates the principle here insisted on. It is very remarkable, says he, that the last works of celebrated artists, which they left imperfect, are always the most prized, such as the *Iris* of *Aristides*, the *Tyndarides* of *Nicomachus*, the *Medea* of *Timomachus*, and the *Venus* of *Apelles*. These are valued even above their finished productions: the broken lineaments of the piece, and the half formed idea of the painter are carefully studied; and our very grief for that curious hand, which had been stopped by death, is an additional increase to our pleasure*.

* Illud vero perquam rarum ac memoria dignum, etiam suprema opera artificum, imperfectasque tabulas, sicut, *Irin Aristides, Tyndarides Nicomachi, Medeam*

These instances (and many more might be collected) are sufficient to afford us some insight into the analogy of nature, and to shew us that the pleasure which poets, orators, and musicians give us, by exciting grief, sorrow, indignation, compassion, is not so extraordinary nor paradoxical as it may at first sight appear. The force of imagination, the energy of expression, the power of numbers, the charms of imitation; all these are naturally, of themselves, delightful to the mind: and when the object presented lays also hold of some affection, the pleasure still rises upon us, by the conversion of this subordinate movement into that which is predominant. The passion, though perhaps naturally, and when excited by the simple appearance of a real object, it may be painful, yet is so smoothed, and softened, and mollified, when raised by the finer arts, that it affords the highest entertainment.

To confirm this reasoning, we may observe, that if the movements of the imagination be not predominant above those of the passion, a contrary effect follows: and the former, being now subordinate, is converted into the latter, and still farther increases the pain and affliction of the sufferer.

Who could ever think of it as a good expedient for comforting an afflicted parent, to exaggerate, with all the force of oratory, the irreparable loss which he has met with by the death of a favourite child? The more power of imagination and expression you here employ, the more you increase his despair and affliction.

The shame, confusion, and terror of *Verres*, no doubt rose in proportion to the noble eloquence and vehemence of *Cicero*: so also did his pain and uneasiness. These former passions were too strong for the pleasure arising from the beauties of elocution; and operated, though from the same principle, yet in a contrary manner, to the sympathy, compassion, and indignation of the audience.

Lord Clarendon, when he approaches the catastrophe of the royal party, supposes that his narration must then become infinitely disagreeable; and he hurries over the king's death without giving us one circumstance of it. He considers it as too horrid a scene to be contemplated with any satisfaction, or even without the utmost pain and aversion. He himself, as well as the readers of that age, were too deeply concerned in the events, and felt a pain from subjects which an historian and a reader of another age would regard as

Timomachi, et quam diximus *Venerem Apellis*, in majori admiratione esse quam perfecta. Quippe in iis lineamenta reliqua, ipsæque cogitationes artificum spectantur, atque in lenocinio commendationis dolor est manus, cum id ageret, extinctæ. Lib. xxxv. cap. ii.

the most pathetic and most interesting, and, by consequence, the most agreeable.

An action, represented in tragedy, may be too bloody and atrocious. It may excite such movements of horror as will not soften into pleasure; and the greatest energy of expression, bestowed on descriptions of that nature, serves only to augment our uneasiness. Such is that action represented in the *Ambitious Step-Mother*, where a venerable old man, raised to the height of fury and despair, rushes against a pillar, and striking his head upon it, besmears it all over with mingled brains and gore. The English theatre abounds too much with such images.

Even the common sentiments of compassion require to be softened by some agreeable affection, in order to give a thorough satisfaction to the audience. The mere suffering of plaintive virtue, under the triumphant tyranny and oppression of vice, forms a disagreeable spectacle, and is carefully avoided by all masters of the drama. In order to dismiss the audience with entire satisfaction and contentment, the virtue must either convert itself into a noble courageous despair, or the vice receive its proper punishment.

Most painters appear in this light to have been very unhappy in their subjects. As they wrought much for churches and convents, they have chiefly represented such horrible subjects as crucifixions and martyrdoms, where nothing appears but tortures, wounds, executions, and passive suffering, without any action or affection. When they turned their pencil from this ghastly mythology, they had recourse commonly to Ovid, whose fictions, though passionate and agreeable, are scarce natural or probable enough for painting.

The same inversion of that principle, which is here insisted on, displays itself in common life, as in the effects of oratory and poetry. Raise so the subordinate passion that it becomes the predominant, it swallows up that affection which it before nourished and increased. Too much jealousy extinguishes love: too much difficulty renders us indifferent: too much sickness and infirmity disgusts a selfish and unkind parent.

What so disagreeable as the dismal, gloomy, disastrous stories, with which melancholy people entertain their companions? The uneasy passion, being there raised alone, unaccompanied with any spirit, genius, or eloquence, conveys a pure uneasiness, and is attended with nothing that can soften it into pleasure or satisfaction.

THEATRICAL FUND.

Account of the Rise and Progress of the Fund established at the Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden, for the relief and support of such Performers as, through age or infirmity, may be compelled to retire from the exercise of their profession.

[INSTITUTED BY MR. HULL.]

In the year 1765, during the joint-management of the late John Beard, Esq. and Mrs. Rich, a very singular example occurred, of the necessity for the establishment of such an institution as this which we are about to describe, being speedily projected. A female performer, of the first rank in Covent-Garden theatre,* was, *in the course of one day*, (through various events not necessary to be particularized here) reduced, from a capital annual income, and the possession of some hundreds in Bank-Stock, to the total deprivation of means of subsistence. So alarming an instance gave birth to the following "Address to the performers of the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden."

"*Ladies and Gentlemen,*

"The various contributions, so frequently solicited among you, are so many proofs of the disasters to which the professors of the theatre are liable; reliefs thus obtained are extremely humiliating and only temporary. The unhappy person who is at present the object of compassion is an alarming instance, that penury may take place of affluent circumstances, even before age or sickness bring it on. The members of every theatre have long been of opinion that some method of provision more eligible and lasting should be established.

"Many proposals have been offered, many plans laid down; objections, and perhaps just ones, have been made to each; wherefore the writer hereof humbly presumes to say, that if so necessary, so indispensable a duty be deferred till a *perfect* plan is produced, and till all the individuals of two large communities are of one mind, the longest liver of the present companies may never see so desirable a scheme effected.

"Hence it is requested that every reader of this hasty sketch will stifle all superficial objections which may occur, lest the intention should be again crushed in its shell, deferring their necessary hints and advices, till a sum of money, however small, be raised, whereon to build their future regulations.

"For this purpose, it is proposed,

"That a subscription be *immediately* begun, at the free will of each approver of this method, and that the monies arising from it be forthwith lodged in some one of the public funds.

* Mrs. Hamilton.

"That, for the improvement of the scheme, an allowance of *sixpence* in the pound be granted from the weekly income of all such who chuse to be contributors to so humane and prudent an institution;—the said contribution to commence on the first Saturday of the new year.

"That every person who contributes a guinea, or upwards, be desired to meet his brethren at the theatre, after rehearsal, on the earliest day that can be made convenient, to appoint a select committee of three, five, seven, or more members, as shall seem fittest, who shall occasionally meet for the farther advancement of the scheme.

"That the said select committee shall take the office of secretary and receiver in rotation, without fee or reward; the charge alone of pens, ink, paper, and books being defrayed out of the general stock.

"That all persons, willing to be concerned herein, do signify such their intention to the secretary, as soon as chosen.

"That the weekly contributions be left with the treasurer to the said theatre, who shall be desired to deliver them to the secretary, in order to be conveyed to the funds, as fast as they amount to any sum capable of bearing interest; and further, that such interest be, from time to time, withdrawn and replaced, in order to its accumulation.

"That, for five years to come, no levies be made upon this fund, and none but the contributors and their families shall ever have claims upon it. Foreign objects still to be left to their judgment and humanity, which last they will then be better able to indulge, from the certainty of a resource, should their own circumstances ever require it.

"Further regulations and improvements on this imperfect sketch to be referred to the committees hereafter to be appointed.

"Should this scheme unhappily fail of being generally encouraged, the proposer humbly presumes *that* is no reason it should be entirely *laid aside*; to obviate which, he is ready to unite with any two, three, or more persons of the company, in making the best reciprocal provision a confined scheme will admit of, for themselves and families, against age, misfortune, and all their melancholy consequences.

"*December* 17, 1765."

The foregoing address, which was drawn up by the veteran, Mr. Hull, was immediately committed to the press, and printed copies distributed among the performers.

The worthy Mr. George Mattocks, then a member of Covent-Garden theatre, whose liberal spirit was always ready, when either

a general or individual service was proposed, most warmly united in collecting the contributions, and in every effort to promote the scheme.

The address fully answered its proposed intention. The two managers were the first to contribute, and other subscriptions flowed in so speedily, that, in the course of three days, upwards of one hundred pounds were collected.

On this moderate foundation the present fund was raised. Some generous assistances from private hands have, it is true, been received; but the bulk of the stock may justly be said to have been derived from the annual subscriptions of the performers. Few, very few, have been the applications to the public, in the mode of a benefit play, and of those few, only two have been profitable; yet has the institution been able to support many claimants, chiefly widows, besides giving occasional reliefs in sickness, and, at present, is in a situation which promises to be equal to any calls that may probably be made upon it for years to come.

††† *Some account of the regulations, as at present established, shall be given in a future number.*

SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE.

KING LEAR.

——"done upon the gad."

Dr. Johnson's explanation of this phrase, is, I believe, right: in King Henry the Fourth, we find Hotspur "nettled and stung with pismires." Mr. Ritson tells us, it means, done suddenly, or *while the iron is hot*, because (says he) a gad is an iron bar; but, unless it were a *red hot* iron bar, it might, for the present purpose, as well be any thing else.

"Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abus'd."

I believe the meaning is this:—old men must be treated like children, and should be rebuked or caressed according to their wayward tempers; to be abused here, is to be deceived or mistaken.

——"What means that frontlet on?"

Frontlet, I believe, means neither a part of a woman's *dress*, as Mr. Steevens supposes, nor of her *undress*, as Mr. Malone explains it, but merely refers to the countenance or aspect. Why put you on that imperious look? The wrinkles on the lady's forehead would seem ill expressed by the name of the bandage which was used to prevent, or smooth those wrinkles.

"With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks."

"*Cadent* TEARS" has certainly a very clear and obvious meaning; and the thought has been adopted by Mr. Mason, in Verses to a Young Gentleman, &c.

"Whose cheeks bestrew'd with roses, knew
"No channel for the tide of tears—"

but this is a sense that appears too mild for the present occasion, and ill suited to the vehemence and acrimony of Lear's passion. I therefore think that *candent*, as suggested by Dr. Warburton, is the right word: the quarto has "accent tears."

"The untented woundings" is, I am afraid, an incurable sore, which the critical chirurgeon will probe and torture in vain; for wounds are then most severely painful, when they are exposed to the tent. "Untender," as one of the quartos has it, may, perhaps, be the true word, implying pitiless.

—"A base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred pound, filthy, worsted stocking knave," &c. i. e. a fellow made up of inconsistencies, as well in his exterior habiliments, as in the composition of his mind. He is at once proud and beggarly, and even the cloaths he wears are not adapted to each other, but are rather a suit made out of three suits; he is insolent and mean, and while his vanity displays a silken doublet, his avarice betrays itself in hose of worsted.

"Ajax is their fool."

Mr. Steevens's former explanation appears to be much nearer the truth, than that which he has adopted from Mr. M. Mason. If Kent's meaning had been according to the notion of the latter gentleman, he would have said at once, "Ajax is a fool to them," the sense of which could never be mistaken; but there is a material difference between being *their fool*, and *a fool to them*, i. e. in comparison with them; and we cannot admit the latter interpretation, either with a view to the character of Ajax, or the drift of the sentence. What Mr. Malone has adduced, on the same side, is not, I think, directly in point; the meaning seems to be only this: any rogue or coward, like this fellow, can, by falsehood and cunning, overreach plain honesty, and outwit Ajax; or, as Kent expresses it, make Ajax appear a fool.

"Nothing almost sees miracles,"—

The quarto, perhaps more intelligibly, "sees my wreck," which, by dismissing a word that means nothing, (almost) will afford both sense and metre.——"I may

"Peruse this letter—nothing sees my wreck
"But misery."———

I may proceed in safety, for I am unobserved by all, except such wretches as are too much occupied by their own misery to regard me.

"Those that mingle reason with your passion,
"Must be content to think you old."——

Those who do not resign their feelings to passionate complaints, but correct the influence of those complaints with a due mixture of reason, must be satisfied with imputing them to the infirmity and waywardness of old age.

——"I will be the pattern of all patience,
"I will say nothing."———

Silence adds great sublimity to distress: this Dryden knew; when describing the sorrow of the Duke of York, at the death of his royal brother, he said,—

"Horror in all its pomp was there,
"Mute and magnificent, without a tear."

———"You have seen,
"Sunshine and rain at once—her smiles and tears
"Were like a better day."

This passage has not been satisfactorily explained: it is, probably, corrupt:—the quarto reads, "better way." Dr. Warburton's emendation appears the most plausible, "*a wetter May*." I wish there were any authority for *an April day*, which would be exactly congruous, and is a simile so applied by Otway.

——"the beauteous Belvedera
came weeping forth,
"Shining thro' tears, like *April suns in showers*,
"That labour to o'ercome the clouds that load them."

Venice Preserv'd.

————"how fearful
"And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!"

Most readers, I believe, will concur with Addison in the general encomium he has pronounced on this speech; and "the poverty of that writer's wit," in the instance quoted by Dr. Johnson, would be almost overlooked, had it not instigated the learned and acute editor; to a false and disingenuous remark. If the Doctor (to use his own words on another occasion) had been in quest of truth, he would plainly perceive the difference between a *real* object of terror, and a *fictitious* one. The objection, perhaps, might stand, if we could suppose the speaker to be *really* impressed with the terrors of the precipice which he is only artfully *describing*; but as Edgar had made a plausible representation, to deceive his father, the Doctor seems determined to play a similar trick on his confiding readers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

RETURN OF WAR.

HARK! 'tis the cannon's horrid roar
The frighted earth again alarms;
The martial bands from Gallia's shore
Excite all England's sons to arms,
The thund'ring tube was scarcely cold,
The fatal hail scarce ceas'd to fly,
When Mars—"To arms ye brave and bold,
'Tis yours to conquer or to die!"

Scarce had the soldier and the tar
Inhal'd a breeze of native air,
Or mother wept o'er Henry's scar,
Or lover kiss'd his constant fair,
Or wife enjoy'd a mate's embrace,
Or child a father's beaming eye,
When through the air's unbounded space,
The alarm was, "Conquer, or we die."

Scarce had the drum's discordant sound
Forborne the ambient air to rend,
Or lovely Peace, with olive crown'd,
Been welcom'd as a long lost friend;
Commerce again, with fav'ring gales,
Had scarcely brought her treasures nigh,
When cruel war again assails;
For we must fight, or tamely die.

The sword scarce sheath'd from bloody fight,
Again meets sword with hideous clang,
Again maintaining England's right,
The soldier feels the dying pang.
Ceres' rich stores that strew'd the plains,
Now mangled heaps of slain supply,
And hills re-echoing shepherds' strains,
Resound "We'll conquer, or we'll die."

Then since it is by Heav'n decreed
  That war shall fill th'ensanguin'd plain,
Let us not tamely drooping bleed,
  But fight and beat them once again.
Rous'd by a Howe—a Nelson's fame,
  Let's scorn from Gallic slaves to fly;
Whilst England's shores shall still proclaim,
  "We'll conquer, or we'll nobly die."

So shall sweet peace on England smile,
  Unlike the peace that late we priz'd,
Plenty and commerce bless our isle,
  When French ambition is chastiz'd.
Then England's land with vict'ry crown'd,
  Shall stand in Europe's balance high,
While Britain's sons repeat the sound,
  We'll freedom gain, or fighting die."

TO THE REV. THOMAS MAURICE,

ON THE

*REPUBLICATION OF THE CRISIS,** &c. &c.

GREECE ow'd her freedom to *Harmodius'* lyre!
  And, as *Tyrtæus* wak'd the martial strain,
Sparta's bold legions felt the sacred fire,
  And saw—what myriads lost—a *poet* gain.

So—rous'd to vengeance—should the Gallic foe
  On Albion's coast bid war's fell demons rage—
With kindred flames each patriot breast shall glow,
  And catch new ardour from *thy* classic page.

Then, when for all that life endears, they pay
  Their thanks, and grateful own *thy* verse prevail'd;
Britons to *thee* shall raise *this* votive lay!
  "The bard succeeded, where the statesman fail'd."

J. A.

* At the present important *Crisis*, it would be unpardonable in us to omit recommending to the serious perusal of our readers, this animated poem, as one of the best written, and best timed productions, that ever issued from the British press.

SONETTO
DI
PETRARCA.
CCLXXXVIII.

Ite, Rime dolente, al duro sasso
Che 'l mio caro Tesoro in terra asconde:
Ivi chiamate chi dal Ciel risponde;
Benchè 'l mortal sia in loco oscuro e basso.
Ditele, ch' io son gia di viver lasso;
Del navigar per queste orribil' onde:
Ma, ricogliendo le sue sparse fronde,
Dietro le vo pur così, passo passo.

II.

Sol di lei ragionando viva e morta,
Anzi pur viva, ed or fatta immortale;
Acciòche 'l Mondo la conosca ed ame.
Piaccele al mio passar' esser' accorta;
Che e presso omai: siam' al incontro; e quale
Ella e nel Cielo, à se mi tiri e chiame.

SONNET.
BY THE LADY, AUTHOR OF THE PRECEDING SERIES.
XXVI.

Go, melancholy Rhimes; in pity go,
And penetrate the rigid Marble's Base
That marks with awful front the sacred place
Where sleeps my LAURA in the dust below.
Yet though on earth her Form shall never know
The wonted semblance of its winning Grace,
And though Death preys upon her beauteous Face,
Still shall her voice from Heaven's wide concave flow.

II.

Say, I am weary of Life's joyless Day:
Of journeying through this desolated Waste.
I trace her scatter'd leaves* which guide my sight:
And to the silent Tomb my progress haste.
In hope, though now uncheer'd by her mild ray,
It soon shall meet me in the realms of Light.

S. W. L.
18 Jul. 1803.

*In allusion to the *Laurel*.

SONNET.

*Occasioned by the preceding having been written on the obitual Day of Petrarch.**

Lov'd Songstress! who on Petrarch's *parting Day*,
Dear to the Muse of the soft plaintive Lyre,
Hast breath'd such Strains as might his Dust inspire
With sense, although his Laura sleeps in clay,
That still survives the pure celestial Ray
Which in his breast waken'd the sacred Fire
Of tender, elegant, and high Desire,
And bade his numbers wing to Heaven their Way:

II.

Dear be that Day to us!—oft as the Hours
Bring its return,—if Heaven so will,—to me,
May it remind me what to Heaven I owe
For thy mild sweetness, thy poetic Powers;
For every source of purest Bliss in Thee:
And never o'er this thought may chill Oblivion flow.

C. L.

ANACREONTIC.

Let the dull, the grave declare,
That 'tis vain to chasten Care;
"Sober Reason's sway should guide—"
Love, and joy, and wine deride
Gravest maxims, Wisdom's rules.
Let them call us Folly's tools;
While we've youth, and health, and wine,
Rosy God! our vows are thine.

Let them preach of saints and prudes—
Whilst their logic thus intrudes,
We the more indulge your sway,
God of love, and God of day.
They, bereft your care, betray
But envy, while we still display
How much we own your favours dear,
Sacrificing through the year.

Liverpool. J. P. B.

* *Nacque* Petrarca *à di* xx. *di Luglio* MCCCIIII.
Passò poi di questa à più felice Vita; à di xviii. *di Luglio* MCCCLXXIIII.

ODE TO SLEEP.

BY ARTHUR OWEN, ESQ.

Thou timid Maid! with silence crown'd,
With downy zone of magic bound,
And raven-colour'd vest,
Ah! kindly on this drooping head
Thy mild Lethæan poppies shed,
And soothe its pains to rest.
How often have I woo'd thy charms!
How often spread these eager arms
To win thy sweet embrace!
But thou, in airy chariot borne,
E'er leav'st a breast with anguish torn,
Some happier breast to trace.
From fears, which, at this lonely hour,
On villains' souls their fury pour,
Thank Heaven I am free,
And since it is no crime to pine
At stern Misfortune's mournful shrine,
Why, coyest Goddess! flee?
For once let sorrow claim thy care,
For once throw off thy distant air,
Thy balmy gifts disclose;
These eye-lids press with leaden wand,
This body, by thy pinions fann'd,
To softest dreams compose.

Richmond, July 1803.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF MISS MELLOR,

Who died a short time since at Nottingham,

Aged five Years, three Months, and sixteen Days.

BY VALENTINE GREEN, ESQ.

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Her doom was fix'd—nor tears nor prayers could save
The lovely victim from an early grave.
Her sister-spirits, of immortal frame,
To guide her flight to heav'nly raptures came,
To snatch her from the pangs of mortal care,
And for "another, better world" prepare.
They bade her view the paths the just have trod,
Through storms and tempests to the throne of God:

Mark, how the great, the good, obey Death's call,
How youth and age, robust and feeble, fall:
How ev'ry order of the human race,
That erst have crowded earth's extended space;
That through the lapse of bury'd ages past
Have to the king of terrors bow'd at last!
How many myriads, in th' embattled field,
Did to his mandates all their valour yield:
How many, 'neath the ocean's troubled wave,
Sleep in the chambers of the liquid grave:
How dire revenge the murd'rous pogniard steeps
In human gore; how widow'd sorrow weeps
O'er the lost part'ner of a life of love,
Of joys unequall'd but by those above;
How filial duty, with her tearful eye,
Pours o'er the parent couch th' impassion'd sigh;
How the fond lover sigh'd his soul to rest;
How jealousy had mangled beauty's breast;
How misery had pin'd her life away,
And dire disease dissolv'd the human clay;
How Merit sunk beneath Neglect's cold eye,
And Genius wither'd, studious but to die:
And how (sad spectacle!) the guilty mind,
Struggling in vain to leave her crimes behind,
Dreading to enter on the world to come,
By Hope deserted, meets her fearful doom!
And ah! dear object of parental care!
When innocence like thine's compell'd to share
The pangs of separation from those ties
Indulgent nature to our griefs supplies,
That bid the feeling heart its tears bestow
O'er the keen agonies of kindred woe;
When griefs like these thy sufferings create,
When nothing can avert thy awful fate;
When the grim tyrant aims the fatal dart,
To pierce thy fond, thy guiltless, infant heart,
To quench the lambent lustre of thine eye,
To pale thy cheeks, and bid their roses die,
To steal the perfume of thy vital breath,
To shroud thy animated form in death,
To stop the witching music of thy tongue,
Dear to the old, transporting to the young.

Of all belov'd, and of thy parents blest:—
Let sympathetic silence " muse the rest."
  Thus sang the min'string Angels in her ear,
Th' unnumber'd woes mortality must bear,
Ere it may reach that ever-blissful shore,
Where sorrow can assail the heart no more.
  Resign'd and placid, mild, devoid of fear,
O'er others' woes she dropt the pitying tear,
Compassionating miseries thus dread,
That wait life's journey t'wards the peaceful dead.
Rejoic'd to see her own so near its close,
One, only one, sad thought could interpose
'Twixt her and endless happiness in view,
The parting pang to filial sorrow due—
She thus sigh'd forth her long,—her last adieu!
" 'Tis mine to die—ye lov'd, ye honour'd pair
Who gave me life! Ye weeping kindred, share
The choicest blessings Heaven vouchsafes to give.
Let me survive!—O God! yet let me live!—
See, my lov'd parents, supplication's vain,
Oh, cease those tears—I cannot speak again.*"
The farewell clos'd—th' Almighty's fiat given,
Her spirit mounted to the gates of Heaven:
Attending hosts of angels round her throng,
And greet her welcome in seraphic song:
" Hail infant purity! be thy abode
" The bosom of thy father and thy God.†"

V. G.

PARODY; ON THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

THREE beauties in three different ages born,
France‡, Italy§, and England did adorn;
The first in elegance of mind surpast;
The next in loveliness; in both the last:
The force of nature could no farther go,
To make a third, she join'd the other two.

ADMIRATOR.

* Her last words were these: " I am sure to die :—God bless you all !—Papa, it is you I love. Oh! let me live! Pray God let me live! My dear Mamma! I cannot speak again."

† Grays Elegy.

‡ Heloise.

§ Laura de Sades.

ELEGY

ON THOMAS DERMODY.

WHERE frowns yon hill with beetling brow,*
O'er the pale water's eddying round,
Shall thy funereal honours grow,
And mark the wild, deserted ground.

From all their lonely haunts of woe,
The fabled forms of air shall glance,
Mount the low-murmuring stream below,
Or on the whirlwind's wing advance;—

Here fond remembrances ling'ring still
On friendship's heart thy praise portray,
Maz'd rapture pour the trembling trill,
And join thine own ecstatic lay.

Peace, a cherubic maid, shall come,
And Science sage, a pilgrim old,
Bliss breath her aromatic bloom,
And Fancy her full flowers unfold.

The linnet here shall build her nest,
To harmonize the silent vale,
And, plac'd on thy cold, lifeless breast,
The sad harp court the passing gale.

Oft shall the Fates, terrific, throng
The blasted heath's wide, trackless space,
The clouds shall moan with sternest song,
And yells of mourning drear the place.

The shepherd, while, with pliant rod,
He hangs suspended o'er the wave,
Shall pause to mark thy still abode,
And crown with moss thy silent grave—

* There is a hill not far from Sydenham, from whence may be seen the burial place of the poet; and near his grave, buried among trees, is a slow-winding river, which cannot be seen unless pointed out.

Shall weep—till, rushing on the wind,
Mysterious squadrons crowd the sky,
Heave a deep, dismal dirge, combin'd,
And bid the mortal miscreant fly.

True Poesy's majestic queen
Shall stalk around thy holy clay,
Defend from blights the sacred green,
And scare the Elves of night away.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

HAYMARKET.

JULY 5.—Mr. Taylor, from the Bath stage, appeared in *Lubin*, in the Quaker. In figure, countenance, in style of singing and acting, this gentleman is the very counterpart of Mr. Incledon---*alter et idem*. In compass, strength, and melody of voice the resemblance is not so perfect; but he is, nevertheless, a most agreeable singer, and his pretensions, as an actor, are far from inconsiderable. It would be almost worth while to turn Dryden's *Amphytrion* into an opera, for the sake of bringing forward this *first* and *second* APOLLO in the two SOSIAS. Nature has done so much towards the likeness, that it would be unfair to charge Mr. Taylor with being a mere imitator; his admiration of Mr. Incledon's talents may have led him to adopt, without premeditated effort, many of those peculiarities which, assisted by personal resemblance, bring our absent favourite so forcibly to recollection. Mr. Incledon, however, has no reason to be ashamed of his *double*. Mr. Taylor sang the airs of Lubin, and especially the *Laughing song*, in a very finished and effective manner. Mathews, in *Solomon*, with his *Bundle of Proverbs*, gave new life and humour to a piece which, of late, has seldom escaped disapprobation at the dropping of the curtain.

16.—A lady, named Mrs. Kingston, made her first appearance on any stage in *Louisa*, in the Deserter, but her fears were so very predominant as totally to prevent us from forming any judgment of her capabilities.

25.---*Love laughs at Locksmiths*.---A musical farce, adapted to our stage, by Mr. Colman, from a French piece by J. N. Bouilly, acted in Paris, under the title of "*Une Folie*." The plot of this piece is similar to that of the Midnight Hour, Spanish Barber, Lock and Key, Padlock, and innumerable other dramatic entertainments, familiar to the English audience. The contrivances of an enterprising young lover to rescue a pretty ward out of the power of a jealous old guardian, are materials that are inexhaustible, and can never tire.

"For ever seen, and yet for ever new."

We seek for the merit of the performance in the ingenuity of the stratagems by which the lover's impediments are removed. In this respect *Love laughs at Locksmiths* need not give way to any preceding exhibitions. Neatness is combined with novelty, and interest with humour. The schemes of Captain *Beldare* (a) and his servant *Risk* (b), to elude the caution of old *Vigil* (c), are frustrated only to be renewed with additional ardour and dexterity: when they are

(a) Mr. Elliston. (b) Mr. Mathews. (c) Mr. Denman.

upon the point of proving successful, something is sure to intervene between the promise and the completion, as in the well-known scene in the *Follies of a Day*, which is certainly the best we have of the kind on our stage.

Ultimately, *Old Guardy's* vigilance is of course defeated, who, when he finds he cannot prevent, reluctantly consents to the Captain's union with his ward. Kelly has been very happy in some of the music; the *finale* to the first act and a *trio* in the second are excellent. The overture is by Mr. Condell. Mathews has not yet appeared to more advantage than in RISK: the piece is greatly indebted to the address with which he managed much of the business, and to the humour he displayed in his two songs, both of which were tumultuously *encored*. One of them is a very laughable burlesque on *William and Margaret*, and other ballads of the same ghostly description. Mr. Elliston shews his versatility in *Captain Beldare*, in which he sings a pleasing *uriette* with much taste. Mr. Grove, the gentleman who made so promising an appearance in *Robin Roughhead* as to obtain an engagement from Mr. Colman, gave a further proof of his capacity and usefulness in *Totterton*, a sort of crazy domestic, in whom *Vigil* places his confidence. Mr. Denman is not very well calculated for such a part as *Vigil*, but he got through it with credit. De Camp displayed considerable merit in the *Yorkshireman*; and Mrs. Atkyns, in the heroine, exerted herself very successfully.

Prefixed to the book of songs is an advertisement from Mr. Arthur Griffinhoof, of Hammersmith, who declares himself the author. This Mr. *Griffinhoof*, is the foster-father of those productions which Mr. Colman does not think of sufficient consequence to avow as his own. The favourite after-piece of the *Review* was an adopted child of this same Mr. Griffinhoof.

KING'S THEATRE,

After a season of unusual success, under all the circumstances, closed on Saturday, the 23d, with Mrs. Billington and Calypso. Next season is to produce wonders, under the management of GOULD. It is whispered, however, that Mrs. Billington goes to Covent Garden, and that her place is to be supplied by Mara, whose sweet notes are now enrapturing the princes of Germany. Didelot, who hath been disconsolate ever since the death of his wife, returns to England, together with Del Caro.

Kelly is again to resume his management of the musical department; Mr. D'Egville is to be ballet-master; and Jewell, very properly, at the head of the treasury.

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

THE proprietors of the Circus evince their loyalty by their various entertainments, calculated, as they are, to inspire the country with martial ardour.—Cross is resolved that variety shall be " the order of the day," at this resort of the fashionable and the gay.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

" The *Invasion, or all for our Country*," a new naval and military spectacle, written by Mr. Upton, is worthy the occasion. The dresses and decorations aid the bustle of the scene, and the effect, upon the whole, is admirable.

SADLER'S WELLS.

YOUNG Dibdin is very assiduous in producing the great variety of performances which have this season appeared at the Wells. The water scene has a good effect. This fine weather causes a nightly bumper.

VAUXHALL.

The charming weather, the Pandeans, the Prince of Wales, their Graces of Gordon and Devonshire, &c. &c. occasion an overflow every evening.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

DRURY LANE.---The managers will find some difficulty in raising sufficient strength to oppose the very powerful phalanx at the other house; Mr. Graham, however, one of the committee, is employing the most active diligence to procure as much novelty as possible against the opening. Mr. Holman quits the Dublin management, and is soon expected in London. He is an object well worthy the attention of the proprietors, and will no doubt, if he be not already engaged, receive from them a speedy offer. Miss De Camp, who was rather expected to go over to the enemy, continues at her post. Mr. Whitfield resumes his station on these boards, which he held with so much respectability for several seasons.

COVENT GARDEN.---Mrs. Siddons is certainly engaged at this theatre; also a sister of Mr. Brunton, a young lady of great personal accomplishments; and a Miss Mortimer, the pupil of Mr. Corri. Mr. Rock, we believe, succeeds Mr. Johnstone in the Irishmen, and Mrs. Atkyns returns to her situation in the vocal department. Mrs. Billington, it is now said, will not sing at either theatre, but intends visiting Dublin. Her brother, Mr. Weichsell, is to lead at some concerts there.

PROVINCIAL MARCHES AND COUNTER MARCHES, &c.---Mr. Kemble is to play a few nights at Margate, where Miss De Camp and Barrymore have been lately performing with indifferent success. Mrs. Siddons has acted a few nights on the Cheltenham boards. Cooke is at the same place, after having made a profitable experiment at Manchester and Chester. He is engaged also for three weeks at Nottingham. Mrs. Litchfield has declined making any professional excursion. Incledon's *Wandering Melodist* has been successful beyond measure wherever he has exhibited himself, particularly in Dublin. The theatre there, with Munden and both the Johnstones has not been remarkably attractive. The report that Munden and Mr. J. Johnstone had purchased half the property of the theatre, for £.20,000, we believe is wholly unfounded. Mr. Hargrave will most probably be the new manager in the room of Mr. Holman. Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons perform at *Worcester* and *Ludlow*, a fortnight at each place. Mr. Charles Kemble has been with his uncle Stephen at Newcastle, &c. and Mr. Bannister at Edinburgh. Suett passes the summer, with young Collins, in the Portsmouth company. Mr. Pope's very afflicting domestic loss has obliged him to relinquish most of the engagements he had formed. Sedgwick is seriously indisposed with a dropsical complaint. Davy furnishes the music to Mr. Farley's forthcoming ballet. A play upon the subject of the *Maid of the Hay Stack*, from the pen of Mr. Boaden, will appear before the close of the Haymarket season.

Mr. Lee Lewes was found dead in his bed on the morning of Saturday the 23d of July. He had passed the preceding evening in company, in tolerable health and spirits. A brief memoir of this performer shall appear in our next number.

HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF GARRICK'S MANAGEMENT.

(Continued from page 272, vol. XV.)

COVENT-GARDEN.---SEASON 1760-1.

Monday, 2nd March, 1761.—*Wonder. R. of Proserpine.* 3.—*R. Queens.* Cassander, Clarke. *Thomas and Sally.* 5.—*Sp. Friar.*—Bertran, Clarke; Elvira, (1st time) Mrs. Abegg. *R. of Pros.* 7.—*Comus. Cath. and Pet.*

9.—(Not acted for 5 years) *Venice Preserved.*—Jaffier, ROSS; Priuli, Gibson; Pierre, (1st time) Smith; Renault, Hull; Belvidera, Mrs. Ward. A grand comic ballet called *Hungarian Gambols*, by Signor SODI (1st. app. for ten years) and Mademoiselle Capdeville, &c. *Lethe.*

10.—*Wonder. R. of Pros.* 12.—*M. of Venice. L. a-la-Mode.*

14.—[Mr. BEARD's night] (a) *J. Crew. L. a-la-Mode.* 23.—*Ib. R. of Pros.* 24.—[ROSS's n.] *Rom. and Jul.* F. Laurence, HULL; (b) Paris, Perry. *Flor. and Perdita.* King, Hull.

25.—[Mrs. HAMILTON's n.] (not acted for ten years) *Rule a Wife.* Leon, Sparks; Copper Captain, (1st time) SMITH; Juan, Hull; Cacofogo, Marten; Old Woman, Shuter; Altea, Mrs. Pitt; Clara, Mrs. Lee; Margaretta, Mrs. Vincent; Estifania, Mrs Hamilton, with a new epilogue in character. *Contrivances.*—Arethusa, (1st app. for 8 years) Mrs. Storer. (c)

(a) " Several of Mr. Beard's friends being pre-engaged for Monday the 23d of March, advertised for his benefit, and Mr. Rich having kindly given him Saturday the 14th, he humbly hopes (the shortness of the time not permitting him to wait on his friends as usual) those ladies and gentlemen who design to favour him with their presence, will be pleased to send for their tickets and places to his house, next Old Slaughter's Coffee-house, in St. Martin's Lane."

Advertisement at the bottom of the bill.

(b) In the room of Mr. Ridout, who was obliged, through declining health, to quit the theatre, to which he never again returned. He went to Bath, and soon after died in that city. He was a respectable actor, and the only man, (observes Mr. Wilkinson) in whom Mr. Rich placed any confidence, or whose advice he would listen to. Mr. Hull succeeded to many of his characters.

(c) " Mrs. Storer (formerly Miss Clark) recommends herself by her amiable person, good-nature, and her excellent, sweet, harmonius manner in singing; therefore she is too much desired to shew her excellence that way, to perform many speaking parts, but where her exalted talent is required; and then, whatever she says, or sings, thus properly introduced, she doubly charms in. I shall end with four lines of a poem on Ranelagh Gardens, written last summer in London.

26.—[SHUTER's n.] (not acted for 20 years.) *Wife's Relief, or the Husband's Cure.* (d) Young Cash, Shuter; Riot, Smith; Volatile, Dyer; Sir Tristram Cash, Bennet; Cynthia, Mrs. Elmy; Aurelia, Mrs. Lee; Arabella, Mrs. Hamilton. Mr. WILKINSON gave a *Comic Lecture; or Tea à la Mode; in the manner of* FOOTE; and Mr. Shuter displayed the *origin, nature, and progress of the order of British Bucks; with the whimsical behaviour of Choice Spirits, and Mons. Thurot's Trip to Carrickfergus.*

27.—[Miss BRENT's n.] *B. Opera. T. and Sally.* 28.—*Henry IV.*—Worcester, Hull. *R. of Pros.*

30.—[Mr. SMITH's n.] *R. III.*—Richard, (1st time) SMITH; K. Henry, Gibson; Richmond, Clarke; Buckingham, Sparks; Tressel, Dyer; P. Ed. (1st. app.) a YOUNG GENT. D. of York, Miss Valois; Ly. Anne, Mrs. Vincent; D. of York, Mrs. Elmy; Queen, Mrs. Hamilton. SHUTER's farce of the *English Tars in America.*

31.—[Mrs. WARD's n.]—*R. Queens. D. and no Duke.*

1. April.—[Miss MACKLIN's n.) *C. Husband.*—Sir C. Easy, ROSS; Ld. Foppington, MACKLIN; Ld. Morelove, Hull; Ly. Easy, Mrs. Elmy; Ly. Graveairs, Mrs. Vincent; Edging, Mrs. Green; Ly. B. Modish, (1st time) Miss Macklin. *L. à la Mode.*—Charlotte (by desire) Miss Macklin.

2.—[Mr. CLARKE's n.] *Macbeth.*—Macduff, Clarke; Lenox, Hull. *L. Valet.* 3.—[Mr. SPARKS's n.] *Comus. L. à la Mode.* 4.—*M. of Venice. T. and Sally.*

6.—[Mr. DYER's n.] *Susp. Husband.*—Ranger, Dyer; Strictland, Sparks; Frankly, Ross; Bellamy, Clarke; Jack Meggot, Cresswick; Mrs. Strictland, Mrs. Barrington; Lucetta, Mrs. Pitt; Jacintha, Miss Macklin; Clarinda, Mrs. Hamilton. *Chaplet.*—Laura and Pastora (1st time) Mrs. Abegg and Mrs. Vernon.

7.—[For the benefit of Mr. RYAN's WIDOW. (e)] *P. Husband. T. and Sally.* 8.—[Mr. VERNON's n.] *B. Opera.*—Lucy, (1st time) Mrs. Vernon. *T. and Sally.* 9.—*Ib. L. Valet.*

Then Storer---with her sweet enchanting strains,
Steals to our hearts, and o'er our senses reigns;
With ravish'd ears we hear the pleasing sounds,
And heavenly joys the vaulted roof resounds."

Chetwood, 1749.

(d) A comedy by Charles Johnson. It is a very entertaining play. The scene lies in Covent-Garden; and the plot, character, and most parts of the language are borrowed from Shirley's *Gamester.* The *Gamesters* produced by Garrick, at Drury-Lane, in 1758, was an alteration from the two plays of Shirley and Johnson.

(e) Ryan died, as we have mentioned in a former number, on the 15th of August, 1760. Victor, whose errors we have so frequently detected, states that he died "soon after the opening of the season, commencing in September 1761."

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS BRITTON,

THE famous musical small coal man, was a most singular personage. He was born at or near Higham Ferrars, in Northamptonshire, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and went from thence to London, where he bound himself apprentice to a small coal man. He served seven years, and returned to Northamptonshire, his master giving him a sum of money not to set up; but, after this money was spent, he returned again to London, and set up the trade of small coal, which he continued to the end of his life. Some time, however, he applied to chemistry, and, by the help of a moving elaboratory, contrived by himself, performed such things in that profession as had never been done before. But his principal object was music; in the theory of which he was very knowing, in the practice not inconsiderable. He was so much addicted to it, that he pricked with his own hand, very neatly and accurately, and left behind him a collection of music, mostly pricked by himself, which was sold for near one hundred pounds. He left an excellent collection of printed Books, both of chemistry and music; not to mention that he had, some years before his death, sold by auction a collection of books, most of them in the Rosicrucian Faculty, of which he was a great admirer; but what distinguished him most of all, was a kind of musical meeting, held at his own little house, and kept up at his own charges, for many years. This society was frequented by gentry, even those of the best quality, with whom he conversed familiarly, and by whom he was much esteemed; for Britton was as respectable for moral endowments, as he was curious for intellectual. The singularity of his character, the course of his studies, and the collections he made, excited suspicions that he was not the man he seemed to be; some thinking his musical assembly only a cover for seditious meetings, others for magical purposes, and that Britton himself was an atheist, a presbyterian, and a jesuit. But these were ill-grounded conjectures, he being a plain, simple, honest man, perfectly inoffensive, and greatly loved by all who knew him. The circumstances of his death are not less remarkable than those of his life. There was one Honeyman, a blacksmith, who was famous for speaking as if his voice proceeded from some distant part of the house; a ventriloquist, or speaker from the belly, as those persons are called. This man was secretly introduced by Robe, a Middlesex justice, who frequently played at Britton's concerts, for the sole purpose of terrifying Britton, and he succeeded in it entirely; for Honeyman, without moving his lips, or seeming to speak, announced, as from afar off, the death of poor Britton within a few hours, with an intimation, that the only way to avert his doom, was to fall on his knees immediately, and say the Lord's prayer. The poor man did so, but it did not avert his doom; for, taking to his bed, he died in a few days, leaving Justice Robe to enjoy the fruits of his mirth. His death happened in September, 1714.

Britton's wife survived her husband. He left little behind him, except his Books, his collection of manuscript and printed music, and musical instruments, all of which were sold by auction, and catalogues of them are in the hands of many collectors of curiosities. His instrumental music consists of one hundred and sixty articles, his vocal of forty-two, eleven scores, instruments twenty-seven. All these are specified in Hawkins's "History of Music."

PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

Theatre BIRMINGHAM.---This theatre, which is one of the most elegant and commodious, the best regulated, and always supported by one of the first companies out of London, does not prosper so well as the activity and liberal spirit of the manager deserve that it should. De Camp, Fawcett, and Mrs. Jordan, have performed a certain number of nights each, though not with all the attraction which might reasonably have been expected from them, in times more favourable to theatrical amusements. Mrs. Jordan, it is said, was engaged at fifty pounds per night, besides a benefit. In nine nights she received £469 10s. the manager's entire receipts being, during that time, only £555. 9s. 6d. The regular company has to boast several performers of consequence in the profession; Mr. Macready (the manager), Messrs. Cherry and Powell, and Miss Stephens, from Drury-Lane; Mr. Brunton, Miss Marriot, and Mrs. Powel, from Covent-Garden; Mr. Harley, a gentleman who in a particular line of acting, is without a rival; Messrs. Bennet, Twaits, Austin, and Miss Mills. Mr. Hill from Covent Garden, and Mr. Carles, the gentleman who performed Othello, Jaffier, &c. and who has very respectable connections in this town, are soon to join the company. John Bull and the Tale of Mystery have been carefully got up, and every other species of novelty has been brought forward, in regular succession.

Theatre Royal BRIGHTON.---Though the play-house has been opened some time, the theatrical season can hardly be said to have yet commenced. The town is thin of company, and the camp with the regimental bands of music, who play there every night, are a novelty much more attractive than the amusements of the theatre. The number of visitors is daily increasing, but, on account of the threatened invasion, it cannot be expected that this or any other place of fashionable resort on the coast will be so much frequented this summer as usual. Haymes, who profited so well last year, is again the manager. Dowton, Farley, Mrs. St. Leger, &c. began the campaign; the latter, after a slight reconnoitring, shifted her ground; and the two gentlemen, who were engaged only for a short period, resigned the command, we presume not with much regret; the former has gone into other quarters, and the latter has retreated to London, in order to inspect the forces at the Haymarket, who are waiting only for the word of command to go through their evolutions in his GRAND BALLET, of which report speaks in very high terms. The best house this season was for his benefit, when Mr. Siddons and Mrs. Litchfield performed the *Stranger* and *Mrs. Haller*, for that night only; *Tobias* by Mr. Dowton; *Francis* by Mr. Farley; *Peter*, by Mr. Blanchard. With this combined and capital strength from the winter houses, the play could not but be admirably acted. The *Tale of Mystery* was the afterpiece, in which Mr. Siddons acted *Romaldi*: *Francisco* and *Michelli*, the miller, as at Covent-Garden, by Messrs. Farley and Blanchard. There are some respectable performers in the company. Mr. Swendal, a gentleman of established professional merit, and no less estimable in private life; Mrs. Swendall; Mrs. Baster, from Covent-Garden; Mrs. Humphries; a Mr. James, an actor of much promise; Miss Clark, a young lady than whom we have seen few with more serviceable qualifications, or better deserving of encouragement on any provincial stage. Mr. Blanchard remains here for some time. Mrs. Jordan will come for a few nights towards the close of the season.

Theatre TOTNES.---Fisher's company has been here lately. Some of the performers have much merit; particularly Fisher in the comic characters; Palmer in tragedy; and Mr. and Mrs. Drake in the serio-comic. The theatre has been respectably attended.

New Theatre Royal LIVERPOOL.---This truly elegant theatre opened on Monday, June 6th, under the management of Messrs. Lewis and Knight. We do not hesitate to pronounce it at once the most elegant, commodious, compact, and chastly proportioned building, for the purpose of theatrical exhibition, in the united kingdom. The shape of the interior is nearly that of the horse-shoe; yet so contrived, that, from the back rows in every part of the house, the performance may be very well seen, and the lowest whisper, if articulate, distinctly heard. We could wish the proscenium had been less richly ornamented, for, however beautifully executed, it does not entirely harmonize with the light, elegant decorations of the other parts of the house. The fronts of the boxes are painted with a sort of lattice work silvered, and medallions beautifully executed. The supporters of the boxes are light, well-proportioned, cast-iron pillars, gilded. There are four and twenty of the handsomest lustres we ever saw; twelve of which, somewhat larger than the others, are suspended at equal distances round the lower tier; eight round the second tier, and four above those, round the third or highest tier.

The very limited time in which all this was effected (scarcely six months, and commenced too in the depth of winter) reflects the highest credit upon the active spirit, skill, and perseverance of Mr. Foster, the architect, to whose taste and ability we are indebted for most of our well built houses all over the town. An Address, written by Mr. T. Dibdin,* comparing the theatre to a ship, and carrying on the figure with neat and appropriate allusions throughout, was delivered with much spirit by Mr. Knight, whose entrance was greeted with enthusiastic applause. The play was "Speed the Plough," in which he performed his original character, Farmer Ashfield, with his usual ability; Sir Abel Handy by Mr. Simmons; Miss Blandford by Mrs. Mountain, who was most cheeringly welcomed back by her old friends and admirers, after a long absence; and Robert Handy by Mr. Young. The scenes, chiefly painted by Whitmore, Walmsley, and Wilkins, together with the dresses, &c. are such as have not been equalled in any country theatre, and well accords with the elegance and good taste displayed in the *tout ensemble.*

"A Cure for the Heart Ache" introduced Mr. Emery to this audience, in the part of Frank Oatland; and Mrs. Glover commenced her career in the part of the Jealous Wife, a character in which her reputation is so deservedly high. Mr. Lewis appeared first in Ranger. He has since played Benedict, Archer, Copper Captain, and Marplot. His celebrity has been too universally acknowledged to need any additional tribute of admiration; yet we must say that we were astonished to perceive, throughout his representation of all the above characters, the same spirit, neatness, elegance, whim, and variety, which delighted us years ago, unimpaired and undiminished. He appears in high health and spirits: his reception was most flattering. Mr. Cooper, from Drury-Lane, has played Richard twice, and Macbeth once, on his road to Dublin, with success. A prize brought in here (French) had on board nearly thirty gentlemen and ladies. The managers, humanely wishing to soften the rigours of captivity, politely offered them a free admission to the theatre, which they with joy accepted; and they nightly attend, escorted, in parties of ten or a dozen. It has been stated, in some of the London papers, that the managers have been obliged, in consequence of the badness of the houses, to call in the aid of Messrs. Fawcett

* This address appeared in our last number..

and others; but this is not the fact: they have sought for no additional attractions: their engagements for the season were made some months ago, and no auxiliaries have appeared there but such as were engaged before the London theatres closed. Throughout England the theatres have suffered by the peculiar situation of affairs; that of Liverpool, perhaps, less than any: though seldom crowded, it has been uniformly well attended, during the time it has been open, and we doubt not but its success will be ultimately equivalent to the spirit manifested by the proprietors in its erection, and that of the managers in conducting it. At the advanced prices, as mentioned in last month's Mirror, the house will now contain nearly £. 400. Mr. Fawcett opened, July 18th, in Goldfinch and Caleb Quotem: he is to perform three weeks, and will be succeeded by Munden.

Theatre-Royal PLYMOUTH.—Mr. Smith and Mr. Winston have purchased the whole property of this theatre, and have commenced their career under the most flattering and encouraging auspices. They mean to expend a very considerable sum in improving the decorations and conveniences of the theatre; the lobbies, coffee-room, stage, and scenery, are all to be new.

Mr. Winston made his first appearance this season on the 24th of June, in Ollapod and Caleb Quotem, and Mrs. Winston on the 27th, in Mrs. Sullen. They both met a most cordial reception, and are in great favour with the audience. John Bull has, of course, been extremely attractive. Mr. Chalmers, a well-known performer, not long returned from America, played Peregrine well. Mr. Dalton, a very promising young actor, enters into the spirit of Tom Shuffleton, and gives it good effect. Mr. Smith's Dennis Brulgruddery (as it ever must do in good hands) meets the entire approbation of the audience, and Mr. Neyler displays a sufficient degree of rustic simplicity in Dan. This gentleman has much merit in country boys, but is too apt to neglect his author. Miss Grant gave great interest to Mary. This very pleasing young actress has a fault rather prevalent among the female candidates for the stage, but very destructive to their interests, and the true purposes of the drama; that of frequently regarding the audience, instead of attending to the business of the scene. Mrs. Gore's *Mother Brulgruddery* should not pass unobserved. Mr. and Mrs. Winston, in *Job Thornberry* and *Lady Caroline*, appeared to much advantage; indeed, the whole play is remarkably well got up. Mr. Hill, from Covent Garden, is a great favourite, and has been very successful; Mrs. Smith (late Miss Dixon) had an overflow at her benefit, when John Bull and the Cabinet (reduced to an afterpiece) were the performances. Mr. Winston takes the same play on Monday, July 18, with the *Tale of Mystery*, which is exceedingly well done here, and sings a variety of comic songs. The night is patronised by Admiral Sir John Colpoys, K. B. and will, no doubt, be crowded in every part. Mrs. Johnstone from Bath, Miss Mellon, and Mrs. Frederick from the Opera-House, will shortly join the company.

Theatre-Royal EDINBURGH.—The kindness of a well-informed friend has enabled me to supply the Monthly Mirror with the amount of each performer's benefit, at the end of the winter season, in Edinburgh. If the public favour be a criterion of professional merit, the approbation of the Edinburgh audience, so repeatedly and unqualifiedly expressed, cannot but be flattering to many of the profession, so distinguished, on our boards. It gives me pleasure to observe, that the sentiments I hazarded of our company, two years since, in your valuable miscellany, have been acquiesced in by such a respectable audience.

Mr. Rock,	£. 145	*Mr. and Mrs. Lee,	£. 29
Mr. Mattocks,	52	Mr. Turpin and wife,	109
Mr. Crampton,	40	*Mr. Bell,	78
Mr. Grant,	89	Miss Duncan,	185
Mr. Hallion,	78	Mr. Toms,	86
Mr. Young,	139		

Those distinguished by asterisks, only joined last winter. Lee, in comedy, is a respectable performer; in seamen he stands unrivalled on our boards. His benefit was singularly unfortunate; the night was ill chosen, and the play not attractive. Bell has been long known as an inferior actor on our stage, as well as in every strolling company in Scotland. In inferior singing parts he is not void of merit: a large family, and a recollection of past services, saved his "Falstaff," (which he absolutely chose for his benefit) from merited damnation.

Miss Duncan's benefit (the Country Wife, and Maria in the Citizen) was the largest ever known in Edinburgh. The Liverpool writers may now perhaps find her adapted for something more than "turning the heads of northern critics."* Such opinions are truly characteristic of writers who censure by wholesale, and praise in the gross; wisely avoiding to point out faults, or to discriminate beauties, a task above the reach of many *soi-disant* critics;—of men who can discover this young lady's "feeble high-pitched shrill voice" to unfit her for any musical part in the drama, and very consistently allow her Clorinda, in Robin Hood, to be the best performance of the part ever exhibited before a Liverpool audience. It would be

"waging war with Bedlam, or the mint,"

to offer to refute the assertion of such critics.

The name of the young *debutant* alluded to in my last is Robertson. He has performed since but once, though determined to make the stage his profession.

Of the winter company, omitted in my former letter, Mr. Bristowe is the most remarkable. He plays coxcombs and frivolous parts with much applause; he has obtained very just approbation in old men. Notwithstanding a very slender figure, and a still more slender voice, I have no hesitation to pronounce him one of the most promising young actors on the boards. He takes a company to Dundee, during the harvest, composed chiefly of the best of the Edinburgh party.

The company have been in Glasgow since May: with tolerable, and but tolerable success. There Grant left us for ever, and Mr. Young departed to join the Liverpool company. To supply this eminent actor's place, a Mr. Willoughby, well known for the last sixteen years, in the Scotish itinerant companies, has been engaged, and performs during the race week in Edinburgh. Till then, though I saw him perform one or two parts in Glasgow, I shall not hazard a decisive opinion upon his merits. He appears to excel in strong declamatory parts, possessing one of the most powerful voices I ever heard on any stage. His great defects are a want of discrimination, and a perpetual violation of the chastity of action. He made two or three appearances fifteen years since, at Edinburgh, as the hero to Mrs. Esten's tragic characters, though, at this distance of time, his exhibitions will possess, at Edinburgh, the attractions of novelty.

16*th July*, 1803. I am, &c. JUSTUS.

* Vide letters from Liverpool, June, July, August, and September, Monthly Mirror, 1801.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

Court of King's Bench.—*Kirby v. Lewis.*—This was an action brought by the plaintiff to recover the sum of fifteen guineas for painting the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, and five guineas for the frame. The defendant's taste led him to have both their portraits painted on the same canvas. The picture was finished and sent home, when the lady did not quite approve of it, and requested some alterations might be made; they were accordingly done; still it was not approved, the lady complaining that her deary's face was hid too much, by an immense high shirt collar, and that she could not pat his cheek, and exhibit all those other symptoms of affection which were so truly characteristic of her general conduct. In short so many frivolous excuses were made, and so many alterations insisted upon, that the plaintiff refused to submit to their caprices.

The picture was then brought into court, and exhibited to the view of the learned judge, and the jury. It represented Mr. Lewis and his fair spouse, seated on a bench, the gentleman with his arm round her waist, apparently breathing forth vows of the most ardent affection, while the lady seemed to devour the soft breathings with the greatest satisfaction. Mr. Garrow observed, that the picture was painted in the beginning of the honeymoon.

Evidence was then called to shew that the painting was exquisitely done, and the price charged not adequate to the merit of the artist.

Sir W. Beechey proved to the same effect, and stated that a picture of so large a size (being more than half length) required a great deal of study. He said, that his charge for a similar painting would be 160 guineas. He described the likeness of Mr. Lewis to be very accurate, but not so Mrs. Lewis's, though he admitted that the features taken separately might be known by her friends.

Mr. *Gibbs*, for the defendant, submitted that the action must be at an end, for, independent of the bad likeness of the originals, the plaintiff had entered into a contract with the defendant, that in case either he or his friends did not approve of the picture, it should be returned.

A young man, shopman to the defendant, who is a linen-draper, in Conduit-street, Hanover-square, stated that he was present in the shop, when he overheard a conversation to the effect described by Mr. Gibbs, and that the plaintiff replied, that if the defendant and his friends did not like the picture when it was finished, he certainly should not expect him to keep it.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that it was for the jury to determine whether they gave credit to the defendant's shopman, who came to prove the contract.

The jury immediately gave a verdict for the plaintiff for £ 21.

About six o'clock in the morning, the powder mill at Stobbs, near Arniston, in Scotland, lately blew up with a dreadful explosion. The accident originated in the corning house, and thence to a mill. By this melancholy occurrence three persons have lost their lives, one of whom, we are sorry to say, is Mr. Hunter, a proprietor. At the time the explosion took place, he was on the outside of his garden, with a foot rule and pencil in his hand, going to measure some wood. In a moment a large stone fell upon him, as if from the firmament, struck him

struck him on the left shoulder, and carried away his arm. The body was thrown into a ditch, and the arm was driven through a hedge into his own garden. The foot-rule and pencil were found in the same direction. There were two men in the corning house when it blew up. One of them was shattered to pieces. Part of his body was found 300 yards from the house, and in different directions; the other was buried amidst the ruins, dreadfully bruised, and half roasted. He was dug out alive, and though in inexpressible agony, his recollection had not forsaken him, but he could give no account of the cause of the accident. He lived till one o'clock of that day, when death, to him a welcome messenger, terminated his pain. The violence of the explosion was such that the premises were blown in pieces, and the fragments scattered in all directions. Several trees, at some distance, were thrown down, and broken in pieces, and large logs of wood were blown to a very great distance. The windows of several houses, a good way off, were shivered to pieces.

Among other incitements to invasion we find that Mengaud, the commissary at Calais, lately gave a grand dinner, at which several officers were present. "The health of the first French quarter master, who shall quarter his troops at Dover," was drank: "To the speedy review of the French guards in St. James's Park," was also drank. Toasts expressive of a wish that England may possess abundance when the French arrive, meaning that the pillage may be productive, were given likewise. The account of this dinner might be regarded with ridicule, if we did not find in the column next to it in the *Citoyen Francois*, an article gravely urging the massacre of the people of this country, and pleading in justification, some expressions of Edmund Burke with regard to the French at the commencement of the last war. The massacre, by the French, of the English found in arms, is insisted upon as a just act of retaliation.

A very thin audience attending the tragedy of *Richard the Third*, at the Windsor theatre, a few nights back, the crook-backed tyrant had not sufficient philosophy to endure this neglect of his powers; for, losing all patience in the Tent Scene, he exclaimed, with peculiar emphasis, "I'll forth and walk awhile;" and very composedly went home to supper.

A FRENCH LOVE SCENE.---While Bonaparte was at Amiens, a circumstance took place which served to vary the scene of consular pomp and ostentatious ceremony. A rich merchant's daughter, connected with some of the most considerable families of the neighbourhood, had been so inflamed by heroic descriptions of the First Consul, that a most violent passion took possession of her whole soul. She waited for his arrival with the utmost impatience. No sooner had Bonaparte entered the apartment where she was, accompanied by his spouse, than the young lady threw herself at his feet, and declared her passion in the most romantic strains. With great condescension the consul raised up the afflicted beauty, and consoled her in language not unworthy the Knight of La Manch. Madame Bonaparte joined in this tender scene, and with all due sensibility comforted this unhappy lady whom her husband's character had overpowered. Next day she presented her with a rich medallion of Bonaparte, to console her for the loss of the original, and there are even hopes that she may, in due time, appoint her one of her ladies of honour. The light inconstant French are quite delighted with the sensibility and condescention of their consular lord and his amiable spouse.

The Dutch Government, obedient to the commands of the tyrant Consul, have prohibited the introduction of English manufactures into any of the ports of Holland; and a similar order is expected to be shortly issued with respect to all articles of colonial produce. All communication with England, directly or indirectly, it is added, is to be immediately suspended. The degraded Dutch have sent a deputation to meet Bonaparte at Brussels, and a change in the Batavian constitution, there is every probability, will be the result of the interview. The First Consul is continuing his tour, and is every where received with expressions of the most gross and servile adulation. He arrived at Dunkirk on the second, and was expected to reach Brussels on the 12th. Of the horrible impiety of the language in which the priests and prefects address him, the following is a remarkable specimen :---The Prefect of the Pas de Calais, after describing the English as the destroyers of the repose of the universe, and lavishing the most disgusting praise upon the Consular Idol, concludes his panegyric thus : " God, to fix at length the peace of the earth, *created Bonaparte, and rested from his labour !*" Shameless flattery---abominable blasphemy!

PORTER.—The following is an accurate statement of the quantity of porter brewed by the following twelve principal brewers in London, from the 5th July 1802, to the 5th July 1803.

	Barrels.		Barrels.
Meux,	170,403	Goodwin,	70,001
Barclay,	150,582	John Calvert,	56,[illegible]
Whitbread,	131,801	Elliot,	51,864
Hanbury,	129,916	Clowes,	47,810
Shum,	101,281	Biley,	36,695
F. Calvert,	75,128	Cox,	32,143

At a meeting of the proprietors of Bank Stock, held on Thursday, it being a General Quarterly Court, it appeared that the defaulcation occasioned by Mr. Astlett's misconduct, amounts to £.322,000. That the Bank had redeemed £.191,000 in Exchequer Bills, by paying about £.70,000, for which Mr. Astlett had pawned Bills to that amount.

It seems to be the opinion of military men, that no measure can be of greater utility, or even necessity, in defending the country against invaders, than the having a numerous body of pioneers ready trained, to be called out in case of emergency. No measure too would seem more easily practicable in the execution, and less burdensome to government and individuals; yet certainly has not been hitherto generally attended to nor understood. In Cornwall, it is reckoned there are 80,000 miners, near Newcastle 60,000 colliers, and in the counties adjoining to Edinburgh, it would not be difficult to collect at least 10,000 colliers, miners, and able labourers. It may be easily imagined, and could be demonstrated, that before a hostile army with all its equipments could be landed upon these coasts, such a body of pioneers as might be collected at any of the places above-mentioned might encompass the invading army with a ditch and rampart which it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, for them to pass. In every view it is evident that these exertions of labour would throw such impediments in the way as would enable us to attack them with a decided advantage whenever their army attempted to advance from the coast.

During the threatened armada, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, the military press swept off all servants but one behind the carriages, &c. of the nobility and gentry, to serve against the invading enemy; a similar measure at the present moment would be equally fitting, and far more productive.

During the last winter the labourers employed by Sir Richard Hill, Bart. in his park at Hawkstone, under the direction of his head gardener, made some very interesting discoveries, in tracing the foundations of the old fortress, called Red Castle. The remains of two more circular towers have been found, which must, for several centuries have been totally covered and buried under vast quantities of earth, stones, and rubbish, as many venerable oaks, and other trees, were growing on the surface of the ruins. The original entrance to the castle has also been discovered, and laid bare; as are likewise many pieces of the extensive ancient walls, which nearly encompass the whole of this prodigious rock, and are of a surprising thickness, yet built with an elegance which no modern structures can lay claim to.

The celebrated General Pichegru is now in London; and it is understood that he is about to be employed by our government.

New pieces of one franc begin to circulate at Paris. They bear the effigy of Bonaparte, and are very well struck.

FIRE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—Between one and two o'clock, on Saturday July 9, an alarming fire broke out in the roof of the tower on the centre of Westminster abbey, which filled the public mind with serious apprehensions for the fate of that truly venerable structure, the repository of the ashes of so many of our sovereigns, and most illustrious countrymen, and adorned with so many *chefs d'œuvres* of our finest sculptors. As we have too often to lament, in similar cases, a sufficient quantity of water to work the engines could not be procured for nearly two hours after the flames burst forth; in consequence of which the roof of the tower (which was framed of wood) fell in, and did considerable damage to the wood-work of the choir, both by the violence of the falling timbers, and by communicating the fire. When, however, water was to be had in abundance, an end was speedily put to the progress of the devastation. The utmost possible exertions were used by firemen, soldiers, volunteers, neighbours, and by the populous at large. Every one seemed to view the abbey as a common public concern. Several distinguished members of parliament actively assisted; while the lower classes did every thing in their power. Patriots and men of taste trembled for the productions of the fine arts; whilst women and children were heard bitterly bewailing the threatened destruction of the *war-work* and the figure of *General Monk*. Immense crowds of people collected round the spot; but the activity and attention of the St. Margaret and St. John's Volunteer Infantry preserved the most perfect regularity and order. At half past five, all symptoms of danger had disappeared; but the engines very properly continued to play upon the ashes. Upon examining the interior of the cathedral, we were greatly consoled to find that no injury had been sustained by any of the valuable monuments or antiquities; and what is remarkable, the pulpit, which was greatly exposed to the danger, has scarcely received any damage. This accident is attributed to the negligence of the plumbers employed in repairing the roof, who had gone to their dinner, and left their melting pot in an improper state. Our readers may recollect that a similar piece of carelessness occasioned the destruction

of St. Paul's Church, Covent-Garden, just after it had been repaired at an enormous expence by the parishioners, about seven years ago. The damage sustained at the abbey may, perhaps, be estimated at four or five thousand pounds. Mr. Windham particularly distinguished himself in his exertions to suppress the flames. He headed the firemen on several occasions, and pointed out the most effectual mode of directing the water for the extinction of the fire.

A highwayman was taken in a very gallant style, on Saturday evening, the 16th ult. near Roehampton. He had stopt a chaise close to Mr. Rucker's gate, at Wimbledon, when an alarm being given, he was pursued by one of Mr. Rucker's servants on horseback and the patrole. He galloped down Roehampton-lane, when Mr. Goldsmid's groom joined in the pursuit, on a very fine horse, but without saddle or any sort of arms. He soon overtook him, and by crossing made him turn into Mr. Temple's gate, which he mistook for a thoroughfare. He was of course stopt at the second gate, but, turning on his pursuers, he fired at the patrole, and, clapping spurs to his horse, endeavoured to make his way back, but this Mr. Goldsmid's servant prevented by his superior speed. He seized him at the outer gate, and, after a desperate struggle, wrested his pistol from him. He was then secured, and the Bow-Street people, who went to Putney on Sunday night, recognized him to be a person against whom several informations for robbery had been laid. He called himself William Hart, and said he was a smuggler.

A few days ago a most dreadful accident had near occurred at Barns Elm, the seat of Mr. Hoare. As Sir Henry and Lady Frances Wilson were driving a curricle, it struck against a post, at the corner of a lane. Sir Henry was thrown out of the carriage, and his leg caught in the wheel, from which, however, it was soon most providentially extricated. Lady Frances was soon after thrown out upon a bank, without receiving any material injury. The horses then made for the river, but before they reached it, were stopped by the haymakers in Mr. Hoare's park.

BIRTHS.

In Bloomsbury-square, the Lady of John Fowden Hindle, Esq. of a daughter. At Finchley, the Lady of the Rev. Ralph Worsley of a daughter. In Baker-street, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Gould, of a son and heir. Mrs. T. Dibdin, of Covent-Garden theatre, of a daughter.

MARRIED,

At Mitcham, John Pebys, Esq. of Upper Charlotte-street, to Miss Bond. Mr. Wilstead, of Fen Stanton, to Miss Osborn. Colonel Hammond, of St. James's-square, to Miss King. At Montrose, Captain John Willock, to Miss Margaret Fettis. In Parliament-street, Mr. William Hawkins, to Mrs. Steward.

DIED,

The Hon. Mr. Foley, M. P. for Worcester. The Rev. Samuel Harper, F. R. S. upwards of 47 years Librarian of the British Museum, and 37 years Chaplain to the Foundling Hospital.